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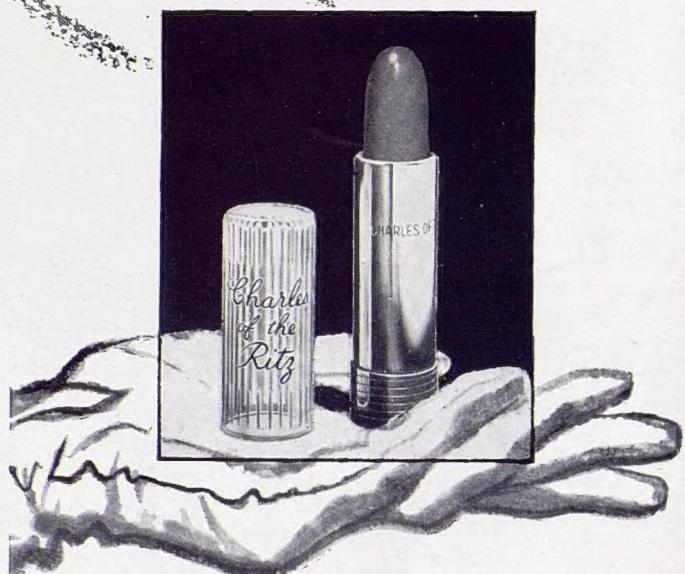
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'Revenescence' of course

The original rejuvenating cream created to maintain the moisture content of your skin. As a cream, liquid, or mask.



WHERE to go ...

Planning your programme

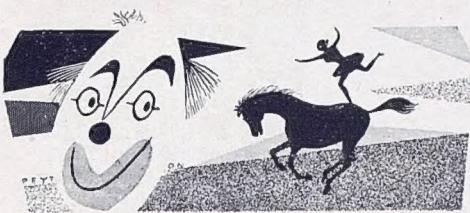
BY JOHN MANN

THE diamond has a folklore worthy of an Indian tribe. There is a chance to see something of the reality on which it is founded in an exhibition called The Ageless Diamond at Christie's, 9-28 January. The Queen is lending some of her own jewellery, and the proceeds of the exhibition (sponsored by de Beers) will go to the National Playing Fields Association, and the Children's Country Holiday Fund.

Happy twitterings from West Kensington announce that some people, at least, are not overcome by that "Where do we go from here?" sensation which is apt to follow New Year junketings. These are the indoor bird-watchers and goldfish observers, whose show is at Olympia from 8-10 January. One is pleased to note that non-U birds need no longer hang their beaks in shame at their exclusion, but can get in via a new class. The criteria are sound hygiene, lovable ness and a smart cage.

Plays for children are tricky to write and uncertain in effect. They tend to be either smash hits or creaking flops. Every welcome must therefore be given to a promising newcomer at the Oxford Playhouse, *The Singing Dolphin*. It opened on Monday and continues for three weeks. With pirates, treasure, crocodiles and cannibals, and an 18th-century naval background, it can hardly fail to please the young, whose appetite for this sort of thing is stupendous.

Something out of the way in cabaret comes to the May Fair Hotel on 12 January. This is the Talbot Brothers (one is a cousin), famed calypso sextet from Bermuda. They have been operating since 1942 and ascribe their musical talent to their mother, who played the local church organ. Among their sound-producing devices is the "dog-house" made from a packing case and a piece of fishing line. There is also one called the tipple. I have often heard instruments which deserved this name, but they always proved to be disappointingly conventional. Now is the chance to see the real thing.



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS

(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

The Pier, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. "You can enjoy charcoal grills or roast, milk-fed chicken from the revolving spit . . . in a room looking out over the Thames."

British Railways, Leeds-King's Cross luxury Pullman. "Here was warmth, comfort and excellent service. For breakfast you are given a wide choice. . . ."

The Marynka, 232 Brompton Road. "This is a small, friendly establishment . . . what is offered is excellent and reasonably priced."

Verrey's, Regent Street. "A gay and popular rendezvous, with bars upstairs and down, and with excellent cuisine available. . . ."

Quo Vadis, 26 Dean Street, W.1. "When I go to Soho . . . I shall certainly visit this restaurant and have a great mound of Tagliatelle Verdi with a large bowl of Bolognese sauce."

De Vere Hotel, De Vere Gardens, W.8. ". . . a de luxe hotel with exceptional cuisine; the table d'hôte luncheon . . . and dinner . . . are first-class value. Beautiful view over the Broad Walk."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

The Grass Is Greener (St. Martin's Theatre). "Theatrically effective . . . acted with virtuosity . . . we know exactly where we are."

Roar Like A Dove (Phoenix). "Miss Storm . . . writes a great many amusing lines . . . spoken by a company who know how to make them tell for all that they are worth."

Long Day's Journey Into Night (Globe Theatre). "Plain, fierce and harrowing account of family misery. Fine performances from Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Anthony Quayle."

Breath of Spring (Duke of York's Theatre). "Pleasantly nonsensical relaxation . . . inventive and genuinely funny parlour game of mixed-up old dears."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

The House Of Lovers. "It is a cynical film . . . but this is excused by the wit of the dialogue and the perfection of the period detail. I found it eminently enjoyable."

Home Before Dark. "Miss Jean Simmons gives an exceptionally fine performance—her best to date."

The Square Peg. "Mr. Wisdom has at last been persuaded to discard the hideously outworn garb of adolescence . . . this time he has sterling comedy support."

Antarctic Crossing. "A splendid documentary account of the final phase of Sir Vivian Fuchs's arduous polar journey."

The holiday shows in London

Pantomimes:

CINDERELLA, Tommy Steele, Jimmy Edwards, Yana (*Coliseum*)
SLEEPING BEAUTY, Charlie Drake, Bernard Bresslaw, Patricia Lambert (*Palladium*)
KING CHARMING, Gwen Cherrell, Walter Horsburgh (*Lyric, Hammersmith*)

Circus:

BERTRAM MILLS (*Olympia*)

Children's:

PETER PAN, Sarah Churchill, John Justin, Julia Lockwood (*Scala*)
WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS, Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin (*New Victoria*)
NODDY IN TOYLAND (*Victoria Palace*)
BILLY BUNTER'S MYSTERY CHRISTMAS, Gerald Campion (*Palace Theatre*)
HANSEL & GRETEL, Iris Kells, Patricia Bartlett, Anna Pollak, Sheila Rex, Raimund Heriner (*Sadler's Wells Opera*)

Ice Show:

HOLIDAY ON ICE (*Empire Pool, Wembley*)

Gilbert & Sullivan:

D'OLY CARTE SEASON (*Prince's Theatre*)

Period play:

THE SILVER KING, John Daily, Prunella Scales (*Player's Theatre*)

Ballet:

CINDERELLA, Fonteyn, Beriosova, Linden, Nerina in turn (*Royal Ballet*)
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, Linden, Nerina, Beriosova in turn (*Royal Ballet*)
THE NUTCRACKER, John Gilpin & Jeannette Minty; Marilyn Burr & Louise Godfrey; Natalie Krassovska & André Prokovsky in turn (*Festival Ballet*)

Musicals:

MY FAIR LADY, Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews, Stanley Holloway (*Drury Lane*—ticket-holders only; bookings now are for August)
WEST SIDE STORY, Marlys Watters, Don McKay, Chita Rivera, Ken Le Roy, George Chakiris (*Her Majesty's*)
CHRYSANTHEMUM, Pat Kirkwood, Hubert Gregg (*Prince of Wales*)
THE BOY FRIEND, Ben Aris, Brian Blades, Sheila Bernette (*Wyndham's*)
EXPRESSO BONGO, Paul Scofield (*Saville*)

Revues:

SALAD DAYS, Derek Holmes, Virginia Vernon, Michael Barrington, Sheila Kennedy (*Vaudeville*)
LIVING FOR PLEASURE, Dora Bryan, Daniel Massey, George Rose, Janie Marden (*Garrick*)
FOR ADULTS ONLY, Miriam Karlin, Hugh Paddick, Ron Moody (*Strand*)
AT THE DROP OF A HAT, Michael Flanders, Donald Swann (*Fortune*)

Thriller:

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST, Renée Asherson, Nigel Stock, Violet Farebrother (*Duchess*)

Farces:

SIMPLE SPY MEN, Brian Rix, Leo Franklyn (*Whitehall*)
FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS, Glenn Melvyn, Danny Ross (*Victoria Palace*)

RECORD-BREAKING RALLY WINS for the SUNBEAM RAPIER



Team prizes, trophies, first places in several important international events and a coveted 'Coupe des Alpes'—this impressive list of motoring honours had already been collected in 1958 by the formidable new Sunbeam Rapier—only six months after its introduction!

In the famous '58 Monte Carlo Rally, the Stuart Trophy for the highest placed British car went to Sunbeam Rapier. Finishing fifth in overall classification, driver Peter Harper arrived at Monte Carlo after a penalty-free 2,000 mile dash across Europe from Sweden.



A new Sunbeam Rapier, making its competition debut, won outright Britain's 'toughest ever' international R.A.C. Rally. After 2,000 miles of snow and icy roads, Sunbeam clinched its victory with a magnificent performance in the final manoeuvrability tests.

In the gruelling 4-day Circuit of Ireland's International Rally, which led competitors from Belfast to Tramore, Killarney, Londonderry and Bangor, two new Sunbeam Rapiers took 1st and 2nd places in the popular 'closed car over 1300 c.c. class'. The winning team was J. E. Dowling and C. J. Atkinson; John Peile and R. Bell drove the other successful Sunbeam.



The Vosges, Jura and Auvergne mountains and the French Alps were in the route of the six-day Dutch Tulip Rally. Three works-entered Sunbeam Rapiers were awarded the coveted manufacturers' team prize.

More glory for 2 new Sunbeam Rapiers in the '58 Scottish Rally 1st and 3rd places in the up-to-2600 c.c. class for modified touring cars.

2,600 miles of incredibly narrow, twisting mountain passes make the Alpine Rally one of Europe's toughest motoring events. A Sunbeam Rapier arrived unpenalised at Marseilles to win a class victory and a coveted 'Coupe des Alpes.'



The new 1½ litre Sunbeam Rapier sets new standards in performance, safety, comfort, looks. New featherlight steering... new 10" brakes with 15% better performance... new gear change... twin carburetors, compression increased to 8.5. All new features, but tested and proved perfect in the toughest Rally conditions.
SALOON £695 (plus P.T. £348.17.0). CONVERTIBLE £735 (plus P.T. £368.17.0).

the new 1½ litre

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BECKETT

End Game



THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly

Vol. CCXXXI No. 3000

7 January 1959



Ida Kar

PERSONALITY

Theatre visionary

GEORGE DEVINE is artistic director of the English Stage Company, which tonight presents another play by a new writer. The production continues a policy that has made the Royal Court Theatre the most discussed in London. The controversial reception of Osborne and Beckett resembles the effect on the Edwardians of the Vedrenne and Barker Shaw productions there.

Mr. Devine does not look like a controversialist. Genial in manner, a pipe smoker, he describes himself as an "old gentleman." Born in 1910, the son of a keen amateur actor, he early distinguished himself as president of the O.U.D.S. by inviting John Gielgud to produce *Romeo & Juliet*. After wide experience as actor and producer he collaborated with Michel St. Denis and Glen

Byam Shaw in running the Young Vic and Old Vic theatre schools. He was awarded the C.B.E. last year.

Mr. Devine's company fosters new native talent, but recent productions like Beckett's *End Game* have encouraged the suggestion that the Royal Court is becoming a mecca for the esoteric and obscure.

Support has come from unexpected quarters. A London company director presented a £1,000 cheque while stating his disagreement with Royal Court policy. The future is bright with the hope that proceeds from the film première of *Look Back In Anger* may be donated. Meanwhile, Mr. Devine plans to continue present policy, while broadening its appeal. Tonight's new play, *The Long & the Short & the Tall*, is by television writer Willis Hall.



Reynolds—Wilson: Miss Primrose Diana Wilson, elder daughter of Major & Mrs. C. J. Wilson, Northington Hill House, Northington, Alresford, Hants, married Capt. Ralph N. P. Reynolds, 6th Gurkha Rifles, son of Mrs. & the late Lt.-Col. D. W. Reynolds, C.B.E., D.S.O., at Northington Church



Empson—Kelly: Miss Diana Kelly, youngest daughter of Mrs. K. R. Kelly, of Milford Studio, Kensington, London, W.14, married Capt. Derek Empson R.N., son of Mr. & Mrs. F. H. Empson, Four Oaks, Warwicks, at the Savoy Chapel



Davenport—Krefting: Miss Anita B. Krefting, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. K. A. Krefting, The Boltons, London, S.W.10, and of Oslo, married Mr. Samuel George Davenport, son of Mrs. & the late Col. S. Davenport, D.S.O., Westcliff, Bembridge, at St. Mary the Boltons Church

Weddings



Paton—Massy-Beresford: Miss Patricia Nell Massy-Beresford, daughter of Brig. & Mrs. Massy-Beresford, Woodgreen, Hants, married Capt. Tim Paton, son of Brig. & Mrs. J. A. Paton, Park Corner, Farm Odiham, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



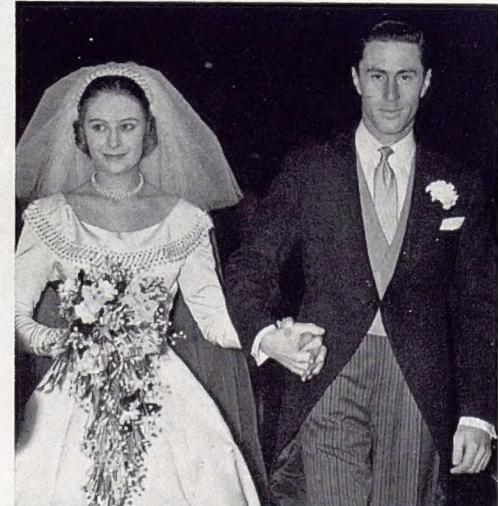
Cook—Armstrong: Miss Rosemary Anne Armstrong, youngest daughter of Dr. & Mrs. R. W. Armstrong, Bournemouth, married Capt. Colin John Cook, eldest son of Dr. & Mrs. L. C. Cook, Nayland, Essex, at St. Martin & All Saints', Oxford



Halsey—Colling: Miss Mary Ruth Colling, younger daughter of Mr. R. J. Colling, Hodcott House, West Ilsey, & Mrs. Eva Colling, Hamilton Road, Newmarket, married Mr. Allan Halsey, son of Mrs. & the late Mr. C. Halsey, Surbiton, at All Saints', Newmarket



Boardman—Crabtree: Miss Patricia Ann Crabtree, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Crabtree, Broomfield Park, Sunningdale, married Mr. John Boardman, son of Mr. & Mrs. T. V. Boardman, Holiday House, Sunningdale, at Sunningdale Church



Walters—Lockwood: Miss Susan C. Lockwood, daughter of Lt.-Col. A. S. Lockwood, Salton, Yorks, & Mrs. J. Lockwood, Yeoman's Row, S.W.3, married Mr. John Walters, son of Mr. & Mrs. D. Walters, Lonigo, Italy, at St. James's, Spanish Place



D. R. Stuart

SOCIAL JOURNAL

An industrial chief gives a party

by JENNIFER

VISCOUNT KNOLLYS, chairman of Vickers, and Viscountess Knollys, who is a charming hostess, gave a delightful seasonal cocktail party at Claridge's. Silver Christmas trees decorated with multi-coloured lights added to the gaiety of the scene, and many guests were discussing holiday plans. Lady Kindersley (who was there with Lord Kindersley) looked chic in a small white satin hat with her black dress, and was the most relaxed person I met; she had finished all her shopping, and also the arrangements for a big family party in the country, well in advance.

Mr. "Rab" Butler was there, also Viscount & Viscountess Kilmuir, Mr. Whitney & Lady Daphne Straight who were shortly off to St. Moritz, and Mr. Harald & Dame Felicity Peake who were spending Christmas at their Oxfordshire home with their two-year-old son Andrew. Also present were that resounding personality of the Stock Exchange Mr. "Kit" Hoare and one of his partners Mr. Benjy Yeats-Brown, Sir Miles & Lady Thomas talking to author Miss Susan Ertz, Lady Templer, Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, Col. Thomas & the Hon. Mrs. Davies, Mr. & Mrs. Henry Tiarks, and Lord & Lady Weeks. On Boxing Day, Lady Weeks told me, she was starting another trip in a tanker, this time to Kuwait.

At the first nights

I had to leave this party early to go to the first night of *Two For The Seesaw* at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. This is a

beautifully written and well-acted comedy, and I found it a most enjoyable evening's entertainment. Among the audience that night were the Countess of Onslow, in the stalls, and Mr. & Mrs. Everard Gates in a box with Mr. Robert & the Hon. Mrs. Burns. Mr. & Mrs. Gates and Mrs. Burns have now left in the Cunard liner Caronia for their two homes in Jamaica (Mr. Burns will fly out later). Lord & Lady Colton were there, also Sir Adrian Jarvis, Mr. Christopher Mackintosh, Lady Mary Campbell and Miss Judy Montagu.

Other first nights that week included *Who's Your Father?*, an intelligent farce, but already, unfortunately, taken off. Viscount & Viscountess Lewisham, Lady Olivier, the Hon. Vere & Mrs. Harmsworth, Nigel Patrick and his attractive wife Beatrice Campbell, Margaret Lockwood in a box with Mr. Henry Sherek who presented the play, and the Hon. Mrs. Sherek, were among the audience. I also went to see the first night of



Training in art

An outstanding set of photographs by Gerti Deutsch will show the wide range of activity at London's lively Royal College of Art, now reassembling for the Lent term. Also: Iris Merle describes a visit to a little-known district of Portugal

THE TATLER
& Bystander
INGRAM HOUSE
195-198 STRAND
LONDON, W.C.2

Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 15s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

The Cambridge University Rugby XV

The team which won at Twickenham.—
Standing: D. C. Mills (Emmanuel), D. R. J. Bird (St. John's), V. S. J. Harding (Christ's), D. J. Perry (Christ's), J. J. Rainforth (Emmanuel), M. R. Wade (Emmanuel). Sitting: H. J. Davies (Christ's), K. R. F. Bearne (Clare), S. R. Smith (Emmanuel), G. Windsor Lewis (Trinity Hall, captain), D. A. MacSweeney (Christ's), K. J. Scotland (Trinity), P. R. Mills (Caius). On ground: G. H. Waddell (Pembroke) and M. T. Wetson (St. Catharine's)

Cinderella at the Coliseum with beautiful music and lyrics by that amazing pair Rodgers and Hammerstein. This spectacular show is directed by Freddie Carpenter with wonderful costumes and scenery by Loudon Wainright.

From here we went on for supper to the Savoy Grill, where Luigi was having to cope with yet another crowded evening. Having supper here I saw the Earl & Countess of Westmorland with Lord & Lady Rupert Nevill, Lord Banbury with Mr. & Mrs. Denis Russell, and a big party of Wards including the Secretary of State for Air the Rt. Hon. George Ward and his twin brother the Hon. Eddie Ward and his wife, Col. & Mrs. Jackie Ward, Mr. Reggie Ward and Mme. Ofelia Mendoza.

The débutante finale

Later that evening I went down to the City where Mrs. John Watney was giving the last débutante dance of 1958 for her daughter, Miss Rosemary Watney, at the Mercers' Hall. (*Pictures on page 12.*) This was a dinner-dance and in the dining-room red candles in miniature yule logs were on the tables and Christmas decorations made the whole place look extremely gay. The banqueting hall here, with its light panelling and beautiful crystal chandeliers, made a perfect setting for dancing. Mr. & Mrs. Watney had invited a few of their own contemporaries but most of the guests were young friends of their daughter Rosemary (who looked attractive in blue).

Among them were Rosemary's cousins Miss Janet Pope and Mr. Christopher and Mr. Thomas Pope, also Miss Gillian Fleming and Miss Diana Hall who were at school with her at North Foreland Lodge, Miss Annabel Loudon, Miss Jennifer and Miss Gill Mather,



THE HON. GEORGE PORCHESTER,
two years, son of Lord & Lady
Porchester, Milford Lake
House, Newbury

Tom Hustler

Other People's Babies

FRANCESCA (seven months) and her mother
Baroness Thyssen-Bornemisza
(formerly Miss Fiona Campbell-Walter).
They live at Lugano, Switzerland



Anthony Buckley

6

Miss Brita Edholm and Miss Olga Hohler, who also had her own coming-out dance, earlier in the autumn, in this lovely City hall (which is unique in having its own little chapel). Rosemary's father Mr. John Watney, who has a wide knowledge of City history, was there, also her brother Mr. Anthony Watney; both were invaluable in looking after friends. Among other young men present were Mr. Nicholas Fernier, Mr. Philip and Mr. Richard Penfold, Mr. Peter Eckhoff, Mr. Christopher Copeman, Mr. John Weldon and Mr. Richard Sachs.

A bride from Norway

A picturesque Anglo-Norwegian wedding took place at St. Mary the Boltons when Mr. George Davenport, son of the late Col. S. Davenport & Mrs. Davenport, married Miss Anita Krefting, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. K. A. Krefting (*picture on p. 4*). The bride wore a beautiful dress of white embroidered satin with a tulle veil. She had a retinue of children; three pages, Alasdair Hilleary, Geordie Hayward and Robert Currey, in white blouses with red velvet breeches, white stockings and black buckled shoes; and four child bridesmaids, Anne and Carolyn Griffiths, Nicola Whiteley and Sarah Corrie, who wore Norwegian national dresses. Happily it was a fine afternoon, and the bride and bridegroom and all the guests walked from the church to the reception at the bride's home, on the other side of the road.

Here Mr. and Mrs. Krefting (the latter looking charming in a lovely shade of light brown), and the bridegroom's mother, who

was in blue, received the guests. They included many friends from the Norwegian colony in London and also many from Bembridge, where the bridegroom's family have lived for many years.

Among the former were the Consul-General & Mme. Galbe (the Norwegian Ambassador & Mme. Prebensen were abroad), the Commercial Counsellor & Mme. Paus, the Dowager Lady Mountevans, Mrs. Fuglesang and Mrs. Martens, both godmothers of the bride, and their husbands, Mr. Norman Bohn the well-known Norwegian sportsman, and his daughter Countess Kinsky, Mr. & Mrs. Lehmkuhl, Mr. & Mrs. Thoresen, Mr. Sam Guinness and his Norwegian-born wife, Mr. J. Mathiesen, Mrs. Peto Bennett, the bride's brother and sister-in-law Mr. & Mrs. Rudolf Krefting, and her sister Mrs. Hugh Griffiths and her husband.

Sailing friends were there

The bride shares her husband's enthusiasm for sailing, and seagoing friends from Bembridge included Sir Derrick & Lady Gunston, who wore a cherry-red hat with her black dress, General & Mrs. Woodruffe, Mr. & Mrs. Thorneycroft and the bridegroom's sister Miss Rachel Davenport. I met Lord & Lady Burnham, and others among nearly 300 guests were the bridegroom's aunt Lady Alexander Sinclair, his sister Mrs. Flower and her husband, Mr. & Mrs. Ruaraidh Hilleary, Col. & Mrs. Macpherson and their daughter Anne, Mrs. Timothy Whiteley (formerly the well-known rider Miss Jane Drummond-Hay), Mrs. Hayward (better remembered as British women's skier Miss Sheila Daniels), the Hon. Roger Montgomerie who was best man, and Mr. George Lowe of the Everest and Trans-Antarctic Expeditions.

The bride, after being with U.N.O. in New York, worked for the Everest expedition and then as secretary to Capt. Kerby, M.P. for Arundel and Shoreham, who missed the wedding as he recently had an operation for appendicitis. There were no speeches when the young couple cut their wedding cake, but everyone joined in drinking their health.

Reunion at Kempton Park

A tremendous crowd went racing at Kempton Park on Boxing Day. This is always a great occasion for friends to meet, some of them regular National Hunt enthusiasts, and others who go for fresh air and a "flutter" after Christmas Day. There are always, too, a number of family parties who go there for lunch and racing to relieve the strain on the household at home.

The day was grey with an intermittent drizzle, but happily it was mild and the race-card promised a good afternoon's entertainment. The first race, the £500 Juvenile Hurdle, was won by 15 lengths in convincing style by Mr. Dick Wilkins's brilliant French-bred youngster Le Bel who is trained by Mr. Peter Cazalet (one of our most successful trainers) and ridden by Arthur Freeman. Mr. Wilkins had motored up from his home in Hertfordshire to see his horse run. The Earl & Countess of Sefton had also come to see their Owen Tudor colt Owen Glendower, who ran third in this race.

continued on page 8

CHILDREN DANCE

*at the Seymour Hall, London,
in aid of the Feathers Clubs*

Desmond O'Neill



DOUBTFUL: Andrew Aylwin.
His father, Captain I. Aylwin,
is with British-American Tobacco



DASHING (above): Miranda Quarry
(she is the daughter of Mr. R. Quarry
and Lady Mancroft) and Anthony Kerman,
son of Mr. & Mrs. Isidore Kerman



Dixon Boardman and Lynda Aitken,
the ten-year-old daughter of the Hon.
Max Aitken and Mrs. Robin Compton

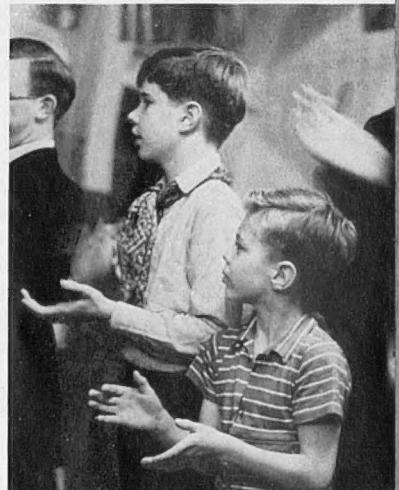


Caroline Davis, who is the daughter
of Dr. H. Davis, danced with James
Wyburd, son of Captain D. Wyburd, R.N.



DISTRACTED: Jessica Kitson
(daughter of Mrs. P. Kitson)
with Adam Whitefoord (son
of Mrs. A. Whitefoord)

Wick Holtz (his father is an
air commodore in the Dutch
Air Force) and Randall,
son of Mr. Aidan Crawley



Katherine and Simon Garrow.
They are the children of
Dr. & Mrs. P. R. Garrow



The chief event of the afternoon was the valuable King George VI Steeplechase of three miles, worth nearly £3,000 to the winner. There was a most exciting finish which resulted in the Hon. Mrs. Mildmay-White's good chaser Lochroe, also trained by Mr. Peter Cazalet and ridden by Arthur Freeman, just beating the favourite, the Irish chaser Roddy Owen, by a head. The second (ridden by that good amateur Mr. Cox), is trained in Ireland by Mr. Danny Moore and owned by the Earl of Fingall, a grand sportsman who rode many winners himself between the wars when Lord Killeen.

Fog delayed them

Both the Earl & Countess of Fingall were here to see the race and told me they had spent most of Christmas Day travelling from Ireland, owing to fog; first their plane was delayed then it had to land at Birmingham

(who had a runner), the Earl of Ranfurly, Captain Bobby Petre, and Lady Viola Dundas with her sister Lady Jean Christie and Mr. Hector Christie. His father Mr. William Christie, one of the leading personalities of Yorkshire, celebrated his 100th birthday last month.

Others in the stands

I saw the Irish Ambassador, Mr. H. J. McCann, studying his race card with deep thought. Farther on I met Commander Scott Miller, the M.P. for King's Lynn, and his wife having an afternoon's racing on their way home from spending Christmas with her sister Mrs. Midwood in Sussex. Also racing were Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Evers and her father Surgeon Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Ingleby-Mackenzie, Mr. & Mrs. Guy Lawrence, Mr. & Mrs. Gay Kindersley (who own several useful chasers), Mr. Alan



Decorated by The Lebanon

Major Sadiq Awan, Pakistan's sole member in the United Nations' Emergency Force in the Middle East, has been awarded the Order of Cedars—Lebanon's highest decoration. Here he is congratulated by U.N.E.F.'s General E. L. Burns

instead of London Airport, and they had to finish the journey by rail. Monsieur & Mme. Killian Hennessy had come over from France to see her chaser Mandarin run in the same race. Conceding 7 lbs. to the first and second, Mandarin, who looked a picture in the paddock, finished third. Arthur Freeman got a tremendous cheer from the holiday crowd when he rode the winner of the next race, Mr. J. E. Bigg's Oxo, trained by Mr. Willie Stephensen.

The Countess of Cottenham, looking attractive wearing a red velvet hat with her tweed suit, was racing; her husband was one of the stewards of the meeting. They got home to hear the splendid news that Lady Cottenham's horse had just won a good race at Leopardstown. Mrs. Peter Cazalet, chic in brown, was delighted at her husband's two winners. She was accompanied by her sister Mrs. Roger Harvey and her pretty stepdaughter Miss Sheran Cazalet, who was having a long talk to Mr. Christopher Soames.

The Queen's doctor was there

Lord Evans, the Royal Physician, and Lady Evans were enjoying their racing, as were Brigadier & the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, Sir Gordon Munro (a staunch supporter of racing under both rules), Mrs. A. T. Hodson who had two runners, Captain & Mrs. Charles Radclyffe, the Hon. Robert & Mrs. Watson, Lady Napier, Mrs. Peter Beckwith-Smith, Major & Mrs. Derek Wigan

Robertson and his sister Mrs. Graham Bailey, Mrs. Sydney Loder, Mrs. Eileen Herbert, Major Noel Furlong, Mr. Edward Paget, Colonel Nigel Weatherall and his son Captain Tony Weatherall, Mr. John Ambler, Miss Bulteel, Sir Nigel Mordaunt, Colonel & Mrs. Douglas Forster, Mrs. Denis Russell and her sons Tony and David.

Other young people racing included Mr. & Mrs. Edward Hulse, the Hon. John and the Hon. Robin Denison Pender, Miss Jane Dawson, Mr. Spencer Le Marchant, Mr. Henry Hildyard, Miss Belinda Fox (pretty in a black hat and royal blue coat), Mr. & Mrs. Peter Stoddart, her brother Mr. John Adams escorting Miss Susan Lindsay, Mr. & Mrs. Timothy Nicolson, Mr. David Bailey, Miss Susie Eykyn, who is studying medicine seriously, and Mr. Robin and Mr. Brian Peppiatt.

The Good Counsel Ball

The Society of Our Lady of Good Counsel is an organization which does much good by giving free legal aid to all those who need it, irrespective of creed.

The Good Counsel Ball, to raise funds for this society, has now become an annual event for teenagers in the Christmas holidays and it was held in the Chelsea Town Hall (which was decorated with evergreens and holly and a huge bunch of balloons). There was a buffet supper in an adjoining room where the walls had been decorated with posters.

No one had helped more to make the dance a tremendous success than the Mayor & Mayoress of Chelsea, Mr. & Mrs. Basil Marsden-Smedley, who have a big family themselves and were both present. Mrs. Marsden-Smedley had not only helped with the arrangements in the town hall but had also been indefatigable in selling tickets for the dance. Mrs. Philip German-Ribon, looking bronzed and attractive after her recent visit to Jamaica with her husband (who went on a business trip) was the active chairman of the ball, and had her own two children Theresa and Anthony there. Mr. German-Ribon was also there to help his wife, who was kept busy with the organization.

Keeping the teenagers busy

A large number of teenagers assembled together need a party to be well organized, and among the attractions arranged for them were a balloon dance, spot dance, illumination dance and elimination dance for which there were prizes, also frequent Paul Joneses and an eightsome reel which proved popular. Mr. Laurence Redmond Roche was an invaluable master of ceremonies to set all these events going; his wife was also present looking pretty in black lace.

Miss Dolores Carroll was in charge of a "wheel of chance" (for a variety of prizes) on the way to the buffet, which proved a great success and was well patronized all the evening.

Lady Dormer, who was vice-chairman of the ball, brought her elder daughter the Hon. Jane Dormer and a party of young friends including a young cousin Caroline Eyre, Casilda and Alvaro Santa Cruz (two of the Spanish Ambassador and the Marchesa de Santa Cruz's charming children), Viscount and Viscountess Vaughan's two eldest boys the Hon. David and the Hon. Michael Vaughan, and Veronica and Ian Agnew whose father Mr. Godfrey Agnew is Clerk of the Privy Council. Mrs. Francis Mathew had her daughter Anne and a party of her young friends there including 16-year-old Miss Anne Boyd-Carpenter who was looking attractive in green.

Some party guests

Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter had a slightly younger party including her 12-year-old daughter Sarah, Jane Stourton, Richard Compton-Miller, David Maxwell the son of Col. and Mrs. Terence Maxwell, and Elizabeth Clasen, the pretty young daughter of the Luxembourg Ambassador and Mme. Clasen, who came to collect her with their son Charles who had been at another young people's party at the Danish Embassy. I met Miss Diana Constable-Maxwell who had done gallant work as honorary secretary of this ball; she told me that before Christmas she had spent a month in Germany with her brother-in-law and sister, Col. the Hon. Miles & Mrs. Fitzalan-Howard, who are stationed in Berlin with their young family.

Her sister Miss Carolyn Constable-Maxwell was at the ball, also Mr. & Mrs. Nicholas Throckmorton, Mrs. Adrian Scrope who lives at Newmarket and brought a party of

continued on page 10

YOUNG TORIES

*of Gerrards Cross hold
a 'Capricorn Capers' dance*



Mr. Nigel Hague, a barrister, is chairman of the local Young Conservatives. With him is Miss Patricia Bowick, a Tory H.Q. researcher



Miss Diana Burgess and Mr. Brian Oury, an accountancy student. More than five hundred guests attended the dance, which ended at 2 a.m.

Van Hallan



Above: Miss Barbara Goodman, whose father is a director of Marks & Spencer, with Mr. Michael Harrison, a member of the printing family

Left: On the dance floor. There were two bands and two ballrooms for the event, held at the Bell House Hotel, Gerrards Cross



Mr. Michael Bell, student at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, and Miss Angela Goodman. They had just become engaged



Mr. Hugh Docherty, starter at most British golf tournaments, including the Canada and the Eisenhower cups, watches Mrs. Meredyth Davies try her hand at the putting sideshow

THE GOLF BALL

attracts leading golf personalities to the Grosvenor House

Desmond O'Neill



Mrs. Jack Maughan with Mr. Gerard Fairlie, who is author of the Bulldog Drummond books



Mrs. Ian Cowper & Mr. Stanley P. Morrison. The ball was held in aid of the Golf Foundation



Right: Mme. Prunier, of restaurant fame, and Mr. A. Applestone

her young family and friends, Mrs. Geoffrey Wilkins who brought another big party, and Mr. & Mrs. George Pinney who had their eldest daughter Veronica (who is coming out this season) and their second daughter Jill with them. Their pretty cousin Miss Elizabeth Pinney, who also makes her début this year, was there with her mother Mrs. Harry Elliott.

Hommage to Tchaikovsky

I recently met Mr. Ian Hunter, the managing director of Harold Holt, Ltd., who has been busy arranging the Tchaikovsky Festival which starts on 12 February at the Royal Festival Hall. The popularity of Tchaikovsky has been high for decades and this latest idea is bound to create great interest, and should attract a chic and intelligent audience. This festival will be Tchaikovsky with a difference, for all the artists will be coming especially from the U.S.S.R. and a number of rarely-heard works will be included in the programme.

Mr. Hunter conceived this idea when he was in Moscow last year. He has gathered together six of Russia's greatest musicians: Constantin Ivanov and Kyril Kondrashin who will conduct the London Philharmonic Orchestra, pianist Emil Gilels, violinist Leonid Kogan, cellist Mstislav Rostropovich and soprano Galina Vishnevskaya (who is in private life the wife of Rostropovich). One of Russia's finest singers, she comes from the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow and will be heard in the Letter Scene from the opera *Eugene Onegin*.

The festival will take the form of four orchestral concerts and four recitals. Bookings for it open on 12 January at the Royal Festival Hall Box Office, and Ibbs & Tillett, 124 Wigmore Street, W.1.

The Grosvenor Ball

The Hon. Lady Hylton-Foster is President of the Grosvenor Ball which takes place at Grosvenor House on 16 January. Tickets £2 10s. from the Ball Secretary, 5 Chester Row, Eaton Square, S.W.1.

A MINISTER'S FAMILY



A. V. Swaebe
The Paymaster-General, Mr. Reginald Maudling, M.P., who has been Britain's representative in the Common Market negotiations, at home with his wife and children—Caroline (12), William (19 months) Edward (4) and Martin (14)



Above: Miss Margaret Fallowfield O'Grady (a model) and Senior Under-Officer Tony Harnett, of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst



GIRLS OF PADDOCK WOOD

Finishing School

hold an end-of-term dance

Miss Gilian Blanchard (whose father is managing director of United Bakeries) with Mr. Anthony Cordle, R.M.A.S.



Miss Sandra Ibbotson, from Brazil, with Mr. B. Rawlings



Mrs. Stewart Savill. She is the principal of the school

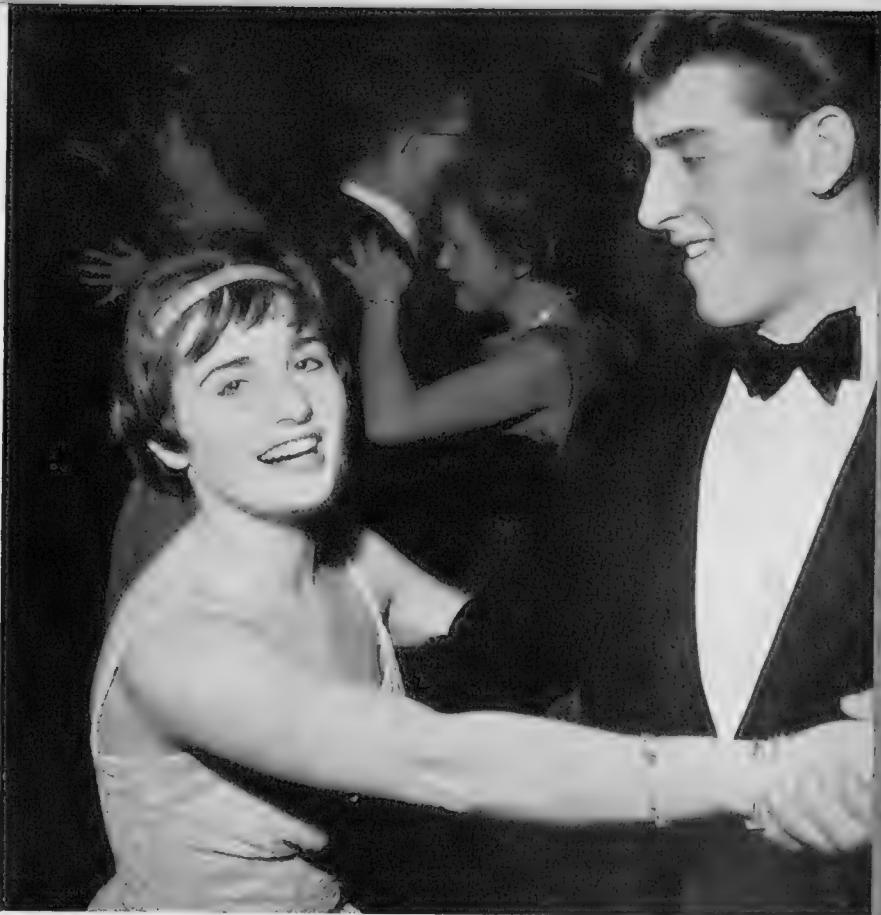


Right: Senorita Meyi Serna. She is the daughter of a Spanish fruit exporter



THE TATLER & Bystander
7 January 1959 11

Miss Margaret Young
with Mr. David Hobbs.
His father is head
of the Hobbs Automatic
Transmission firm



Two of the boys at the
school, Rodney Drew
and John Hunter,
sold raffle tickets

OLD BOYS OF ARNOLD LODGE

Preparatory School

hold their annual reunion
dance in the Spa Ballroom
at Leamington



Miss Penny Fowler (a beautician) with Mr.
Michael Bareau. He is at Cambridge

Mr. & Mrs. F. G. Owen. Mr.
Owen is a Birmingham solicitor



Mr. Derek Mills (who is with an
engineering firm in Birmingham) and
Miss Judith Peel, a school secretary

Dr. & Mrs. W. Hilton were among the
parents at the dance. He is a scientist
with Armstrong-Whitworth (Aircraft) Ltd.

The Headmaster of Arnold Lodge School
(Mr. H. D. P. Hall) with his son Mr. Jonathan
Hall, secretary of the Old Boys' Assn.



COMING OUT—
1958 SEASON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
VAN HALLAN

Miss Janet Pope (from Dorchester)
with Mr. Humphrey Humphries

The last of the old

MRS. J. L. WATNEY'S AT HOME
FOR HER DAUGHTER ROSEMARY



Mrs. John L. Watney (wife of the Master of the Company of Mercers) gave the dance at the Mercers' Hall for her daughter, Rosemary



Guests danced beneath the beautiful chandeliers which were saved from the original hall, bombed during the war



Miss Jillian Fripp (her mother is godmother to Miss Rosemary Watney) was here with Mr. Michael Jeffcock



Miss Annabella Loudon (a niece of Earl Jellicoe) with Mr. John Voelcker. Above left: Miss Victoria Smith Wright escorted by Mr. Douglas Gordon



Miss Susan Pitt and Mr. David Stapleton. She was a debutante last year

COMING OUT-
1959 SEASON

The first of the new

MRS. W. CHIPPINDALL-HIGGIN'S PARTY
FOR HER DAUGHTER PETA-CAROLYN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
A. V. SWAEBE



Mr. William Chippindall-Higgin (stepfather of Miss Peta-Carolyn Stocker) before the party with his two-year-old son Kevan



Miss Virginia Ropner (daughter of Sir Leonard & Lady Ropner) with the Hon. Patrick Howard, a brother of the Earl of Suffolk



Below: Mr. Simon Lennox-Boyd (son of the Colonial Secretary, the Rt. Hon. Alan Lennox-Boyd) with Miss Alicia Clyde. She is a débutante this year



Lady Lemina Gordon with the hostess, Mrs. William Chippindall-Higgin (right), who gave the party at her home in St. John's Wood



Miss Peta-Carolyn Stocker (17) for whom the cocktail party was given. She is a 1959 débutante



Miss Olda Willes, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Tom Willes. She is a débutante



Miss Carolinda Sparke-Davies (daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. Sparke-Davies) with Mr. Michael Benn

The Hon. Alexandra Shackleton. Her father, Lord Shackleton of Burley, a former Labour M.P., was made a life peer in July





PRESERVATION :

Aren't we overdoing it?

by LORD RAGLAN

An uproar was caused by Lord Raglan's denunciation of the compulsory teaching of Welsh. Now he widens his field of attack...

AN EMINENT ARCHIVIST once told me that ideally no document should be destroyed, because what seemed to us to be of no interest might be of great interest to posterity. He gave me some examples from the past. But archives are now piling up at a far more rapid rate than they did in the past. My county council has, I calculate, 52 committees, all pouring out minutes that have to be filed. These, and many similar documents, cannot be preserved indefinitely. The cost of storage would be prohibitive and the numbers would soon be so vast that no researcher could hope to deal with them.

Fifty years ago there was a province governor in the Sudan who was a great man for paper. His office contained row upon row of files, all carefully arranged and kept up to date. In due course he

was promoted, and he was succeeded by a man of different ideas. When this newcomer entered what was now his office and saw all those files he was horror-struck. He sent for the province steamer, had all the files carried on board, and ordered them to be thrown into the middle of the Nile. I believe they were never missed and in fact I should be surprised if they had been.

In 1920 I was an intelligence officer in Palestine and I was ordered to investigate some frontier trouble. I called on the district commissioner and suggested that as his district was involved he should come with me. He said he would like to but that he was snowed under. A pile of files was beside him. I glanced at the top one; it was marked "Weekly Return of Stray Dogs Destroyed." I hardly think that my archivist friend would

B R I G G S by Graham —





LORD RAGLAN, photographed at last summer's Royal Academy, is H.M.'s Lieutenant for Monmouthshire, a past-president of the Royal Anthropological Institute, and author of several books, including *Jocasta's Crime*

modernize, or stand in the way of a road improvement, would be no great loss.

You would be sorry if Blenheim were pulled down. Why? Because of the great duke or the great architect? The outside or the inside? Or because it was the birthplace of Sir Winston?

We may wonder about castles, too—particularly ruined castles. They may be thought historically interesting (though most of them have little history), or architecturally interesting (though many have few features left), or simply as picturesque. If only picturesque, why not let the ivy cover them or, as they did in the 18th century, build sham ruins? The advantages of these are that you can put them where they will look best from your windows, and they need have only one wall.

If the interest lies in their architecture the buildings should, in my view, be made to look as much as possible as the builders intended them to. If there is enough left to be worth preserving, it is as a rule pretty obvious what has gone. The Ministry of Works has many virtues, but I abominate its habit of finishing off incomplete walls with masses of cement from which lumps of stone protrude with regular irregularity. Neither a builder nor a destroyer nor the hand of time ever produced anything like this. To imagine a fair lady in a conical head-dress looking over it is impossible.

Other survivals from the past over which some people wax sentimental are local dialects. These are supposed to spring from the minds of the "folk." In fact they have come down from the old Anglo-Saxon kingdoms and the "folk" never add new words to them, though

they sometimes corrupt old ones. Local dialects do of course supply local colour (if anyone wants that kind of local colour), but their effects are in the first place to create unnecessary barriers between regions, and in the second place to handicap those who go to a university or seek to enter any profession. You may get away with a slight Scottish accent, but apart from this anyone met in any kind of society who does not speak the Queen's English is regarded as rather vulgar or rather comic. Those who advocate keeping dialects would hate their children to speak one.

In general I am inclined to think that this hankering after the past is overdone. Let us not wantonly destroy anything, old or new. Let us preserve our survivals, of whatever kind, if they are really beautiful or interesting, and if the cost is reasonable. But it is foolish to preserve the old merely because it is old. And too much of this is being done.

One hears of town plans having to be altered and new roads diverted in order to preserve monuments of no great importance, and of people being compelled to spend more than they can well afford on repairing scheduled houses. This kind of thing may make people regard all survivals as nuisances.

The great builders of the past would now be regarded by many as vandals. They left what was old if it could be fitted into their new plans, but did not hesitate to remove it if it got in their way. Indeed it is impossible to develop a new style of building, such as Tudor and Georgian were, without some freedom to destroy the old. What we need today are types of building and furniture-making suited to our new materials and the high cost of labour; of archive-keeping suited to the modern mass-production of documents; and of language suited to the requirements of modern scientific education. To achieve this we must, at least to some extent, break with the past.

Actually, I preferred the book

by FRANCIS KINSMAN

*I went to a film I'd seen before,
And had loathed in any case—
"The Return of the Curse of the Son-in-law
Of the Fiend from Outer Space."*

*The colour was glorious Gyroscope,
The sound was Schizophrenic,
The seats were as tough as hawser rope,
And horribly unhygienic.*

*So now is the drunkard home from the bar,
And the sailor home from the sea,
And home am I from the cinema
With a filthy cold and a flea.*



Almanac anthology

THOSE NEW-YEAR PROPHECIES
ARE AN OLD EASTERN CUSTOM
—OFTEN UNCANNILY ACCURATE

The word itself is thought to be of Spanish-Arabic origin—possibly derived from the Arabic “al manah,” meaning “to count.”

The Suez Crisis was forecast in Old Moore’s 1956 edition (published 1955) as follows: “In October, 1956, there will be unsatisfactory incidents in the Middle East connected with oil. Egypt will express an arbitrary attitude regarding the passage of ships through the Suez. A war threat arises....”

The Abdication of Edward VIII and the illness of George VI were also predicted by Old Moore—since when Buckingham Palace has requested that no more individual royal horoscopes be published.

It is recorded that the first almanack appeared during the reign of Rameses the Great of Egypt, nearly 3,500 years ago. This was in parchment form, inscribed with hieroglyphics.

Clogg or log almanacks (supposedly of Scandinavian origin) were still in use in some parts of England (Staffordshire for one) at the end of the 17th century. These were made from oblong or square pieces of wood, brass, bone, or horn, with each edge notched to represent three months of the year. These were flanked with symbols indicating the lunär cycles, saints’ days and other yearly events.

The famous Almanach de Gotha dates from 1763 and used to publish poetry. In 1871 it appeared in both French and German and contained a full account of all royal and princely families of Europe besides statistics of world states.

Jonathan Swift satirized the John Partridge Almanack under the adopted name of Isaac Bickerstaff. He called the piece: “Predictions for the Ensuing Year,” and prophesied the death of Partridge on 29 March. On 30 March, he published a full account of Partridge’s end. Despite vigorous assertions from Partridge that he was still very much alive, Swift published yet another article proving otherwise! Other writers took up the joke, and when, in 1709, Richard Steele launched “The Tatler”—a single folio sheet published three times weekly

—he, too, adopted the name of Isaac Bickerstaff.

Old Moore’s Almanac was first published by Dr. Francis Moore, the bewigged astrologer and physician of Southwark, in 1657 as a means of advertising his patent medicines.

Non-prophetic almanacks date from 1828 when the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge issued the British Almanac for that year. This contained a vast amount of miscellaneous information and the success of its valuable supplement, the Companion to the Almanac, led to a great improvement in this class of publication.

Among the best-known present-day non-prophetic types of almanack are Whitaker’s Almanac, The Nautical Almanac, Almanach Hachette, Connaissance de Temps, and the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac.

In 1683, Edinburgh’s True Almanac or a New Prognostication was published, and after 1837 was issued as Oliver and Boyd’s New Edinburgh Almanac—a standard book of reference for Scottish affairs.

Benjamin Franklin started Poor Richard’s Almanac in 1732 and for 25 years he continued it under the pseudonym of “Richard Saunders.”

In France, by an Ordinance of Charles IX, almanacks required the seal of a diocesan bishop. In 1579 Henry III prohibited the publication of predictions relating to political events—a prohibition renewed by Louis XIII.

In England, during the reign of Elizabeth the First, exclusive rights to sell “almanacs and prognostications” was enjoyed by two members of the Company of Stationers (later extended by James I to two universities). Thomas Carnan, a bookseller, was imprisoned three times for challenging this monopoly by publishing an almanack for three successive years, but the case was brought before the Court of Common Pleas and decided in Carnan’s favour.

Vee Ritherdon

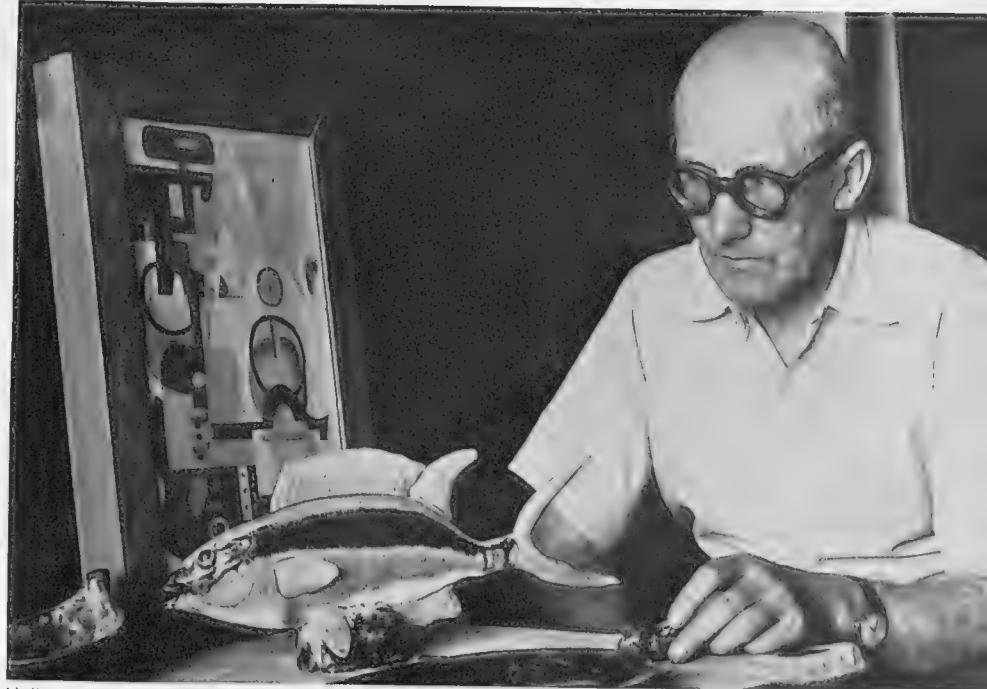


POET The Duff Cooper prize has been awarded to Mr. John Betjeman for his recently published collection of poems. The presentation was made to him by Princess Margaret at a party in Lady Jones’s house in Hyde Park Gate. In the picture, Mr. Betjeman shows the Princess his award-winning book after the presentation.



NEWS PORTRAITS

PRINCESS Visiting London at Christmas, ex-King Umberto of Italy brought his second daughter, 19-year-old Maria Gabriella, who is at Geneva’s school for interpreters. It was her first time here, and she went to the National Gallery, the Tate, and the Tower of London. She also lunched with the Duchess of Kent, dined with the Queen Mother and saw *My Fair Lady*.



Ida Kar

PROJECT An exhibition of the work of Le Corbusier, including ceramics and paintings, has opened at the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool and will come to London's Building Centre on 3 February. Here the architect, rarely photographed, is in his Paris studio. He has been invited to London



This weekend they're taking

over the Albert Hall!

SYDNEY CARTER gives a preview of the spectacular New Year folk dance festival



COCONUT DANCING, said to have been imported by Cornish miners, is done at Bacup, Lancs



HOBBY-HORSE at Padstow, Cornwall, chases women during the May Day festivities



VOLADORES (flyers) of Mexico are part of a Catholic fiesta there, but date back to pre-Cortes

NO ONE AT THAXTED REALLY HOPES (or does he?) that by dancing round with bells on or by banging on a drum he is helping to promote fertility. Prosperity, maybe; for no one can deny that Horn Dancers, Hobby Horses and the like are good for trade. Tourists, anthropologists and men with tape-recorders from the B.B.C. help to fill the public houses; and the odd half-crown cast into that queer shaped ladle ("phallic symbol," somebody is sure to mutter) may support a local charity.

In mid-Australia or on the Congo, such incidental benefits are not to be relied on. Dancing there is a more serious affair: prayer, magic, medicine. The object of the exercise is to make rain, or whatever else might be required. Our own ancestors (understandably) were more concerned about the sun; particularly at this time of year, when it looked as if it might go out for good. Hence our mid-winter mummery.

This sort of thing may be seen at the Albert Hall this Friday and Saturday when folk-dancers from all parts of Britain and guest teams from Belgium and Portugal meet for their New Year festival.

Some of their dances will recall how our ancestors were not above a bit of pagan magic on the side, even after they were nominally Christian. Dressing up as stags or horses round about the first of January was forbidden by the church as "devilish"; but horned and hairy creatures of all kinds, hobby horses in particular, still carry on their frolics in all parts of Europe. Ask them why they do it and they may tell you that it is to bring good luck or simply that "it is the custom."

But the bells and high jumps of Morris dancing, and the fact that all the dancers must be men, suggest a ritual origin. Similarly the Mexican Voladores, whose spectacular pole feat is now part of a Catholic fiesta, trace their origin to Indians who performed the same stunt, dressed as birds, before the Spaniards reached Mexico.



MORRIS-DANCERS at Thaxted (top) and at Headington, Oxford (above). Successors of the Headington men whom Cecil Sharp saw dancing in 1899 (they include William Kimber, seated) will be at the Albert Hall. Below: The "Beaux of London" have a unique hobby-horse



Congress prances

Washington's season started last week. Its unique social flavour is described by MURIEL BOWEN, just back from two years in the U.S. capital

THE social season in Washington doesn't wait for débutantes or paintings. It clicks smartly into high gear when Congress reassembles on January 1st. Day in, day out the politicians attend a dazzling array of breakfasts, lunches, teas, receptions, cocktail parties, and dinners so numerous that they get on each other's heels. And there is no frustrating Westminster-style chase round for a "pair" in order to get off for the evening—not in Washington. Congress finishes the day's business between six and seven.

From January to June entertaining in Washington goes a good gallop. At a recent embassy party Col. Robert Guggenheim, a retired American Ambassador to Portugal, watched Senator Theodore Green, the 91-year-old chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, shuffle through a bundle of invitations.

"Wondering which one to go to next?" inquired Col. Guggenheim. "Oh no," said the Senator, "I'm just trying to figure out where I am now."

American politicians believe parties to be a vital part of their job. They maintain that functions at which ambassadors, Cabinet Ministers, and businessmen meet and converse help to bring about better understanding all round. It is all part of the national theme of "Togetherness."

No Washington party is complete without a sprinkling of lobbyists. These are the most indefatigable people in town. They represent 6,000 trade associations and special-interest groups, such as the Kiowa Tribe (a down-to-earth collection of American Indians living in Oklahoma) the Silver Users' Association, the National Football League, and the Mousetrap Makers. They continually try to influence legislation and, far from being out in the cold, they are socially welcomed—especially since the advent of the Eisenhower administration, with its welcome mat for industrial and business interests.

Every January 6th a well-known Texas lobbyist gives a birthday party for Mr. Sam Rayburn, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and as one Washington hostess put it: "Not to be invited is a great blow to prestige." It is really rather more than that. It is the equivalent to what banishment to Outer Mongolia would be in another place.

There is no shortage of people trying to outdo each other with social *coups*. At present the keenest competition is between the embassies. There are 87 foreign missions in Washington and each one seems to be under solemn obligation to salute its own national day or monarch's birthday with liquid refreshment. Then there are the innumerable embassy parties for this and that.

The profusion of these functions is such that shaking

hands beneath the glittering chandeliers in a large bare embassy room is no longer the draw that it was a couple of years ago. So to attract the more important guests away from "private entertaining" the embassies are building some of their bigger parties round famous personalities. The French did it successfully with Maurice Chevalier, and the Italians with Maria Callas.

Biggest rivals of the ambassadors' wives—and far outshining them at the moment—are the half-dozen leading hostesses. All are 60-plus, extremely wealthy, and very vital. One of them, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, refers to them affectionately as, "the 50 over-age destroyers." Most of them regard Mrs. Marjorie Merriweather Post as "Washington's Top Hostess." She is a gay, handsome, silver-haired woman in her seventies. She is also wealthy enough—her father made a fortune from Post Toasties—to be able to buy every woman in America a new hat.

Unlike most of the other hostesses Mrs. Post likes to entertain in dozens rather than in hundreds. After dinner her guests may watch a ballet in the garden or let their hair down in a square dance. Or they may go to the circus. Mrs. Post once hired America's largest circus for three days. But what they do is something they will only discuss with their friends. Reports of Mrs. Post's parties never appear in the newspapers.

Best-known of the hostesses is Mrs. Perle Mesta, bright-eyed former Minister to Luxembourg round whom the musical, *Call Me Madam*, was written. Her parties begin to fizz and bang and send out sparks within half an hour, and they are reported at length in the newspapers as well as on radio and television. But her biggest social triumph is considered to have been an invitation to the dinner for the Queen & Prince Philip given by the President & Mrs. Eisenhower at the White House. She was the only Democrat invited.

In a city of less than 800,000 people it would seem that one would constantly meet the same people over cocktails, and have the same dinner partners every other week. But this is not so. For Washington now has a constant flow of celebrities. A visiting king, queen, president or prime minister turns up on average every three weeks. This results in an eruption of lunches, dinners, and receptions for three days. Thousands of people are entertained at upwards of £6 a head, twice and sometimes three times a day.

There are invariably lots of gatecrashers at Washington parties, and nearly always the same people. But Washingtonians don't seem to mind them.

Something else that makes for variety in guests is
continued overleaf



JANUARY SCENE in Washington with snow on the lawns surrounding the Capitol Dome and the buildings of the House of Representatives and the Senate

*continued
from
overleaf*

a change in the Administration—when a Republican President replaces a Democratic one, or vice versa.

When President Eisenhower was elected in 1952 the faces of Washington changed overnight. After 20 years of Democratic rule virtually everybody who was anybody found himself replaced by a Republican. Nobody made any bones about it. It is part of the accepted game of politics.

The more important of the newcomers often have no experience of practical politics at all. They are not elected to Congress; they are selected by the President to fill the various Ministries. The present Secretary for Defence came to his post from running a vast soap concern. His predecessor was a motor-car magnate.

They come for just a few years and they come with the feeling that what Washington has to offer them is not unlike what the Kaaba has to offer the Mohammedan at the end of his long pilgrimage: a feeling of achievement, a sense of rightness about being there, and a firm belief that in coming they have altered their lives for the better.

To the wives of such men Washington is at first a nightmare. Having spent years worrying over their children, they now worry even more over protocol and the seating plan for their dinner parties. There is no official arbiter on protocol in Washington, though the State Department can always be called for a ruling when it is an official or semi-official function. So the wise newcomer gets to know an older member of the Congressional Club, a club set up by Act of Congress for wives of Congressmen. Some of these ladies have a card index of special foibles of the great and near great, built up over the years.

"PWW" serves as a reminder to tell the butler to put plenty of water in his whisky (in Washington the whisky consumption is three times the national average for the country). "OF" means, "old fool," a man with straying hands. This sort of thing is important in a social set-up such as Washington. A hostess could lose her best woman friend by seating her beside an OF.

Getting the names that make news to parties is not difficult in Washington. Culture and music both have a long string of devotees, and charity brings important people out in their droves. Washington hostesses are not shy about inviting leading politicians whom they don't know. One hostess whispered to me once: "You see, a great many of them do turn up."

Apart from meeting lots of people, which Americans like to do anyway, a Washington cocktail party

usually winds up with the guests getting loose on a lavishly loaded buffet of lobster Newburg, chicken in aspic, beef Stroganoff, and all sorts of diet-frightening desserts.

At big evening functions the women blossom in full-skirted short evening dresses, elbow-length white gloves, and a bosom-to-shoulder-top corsage. Their menfolk arrive in Stetsons, Homburgs and lounge suits if they can get away with them, and look like fugitives from a boardroom. Only the Old Masters, such as the former Governor of New York, Tom Dewey, and Mr. Loy Henderson, the Under-Secretary of State, wear top hats to a White House dinner. "But please don't report me as having worn one," pleaded Senator Green with me once. "I come up for re-election to the Senate in 1962 and this could cost me 10,000 votes."

Like every other great city Washington has its residential core or heart. It is Georgetown, where most of the "Cave Dwellers"—as the old families call themselves—have lived for generations. Georgetown is little over a square mile of congested, tree-lined streets, with picturesque houses of mellow brick, and burnished brass coach-lamps hanging outside the doors. Atmosphere is important here. When newspaper columnist Joseph Alsop built a modern house in Georgetown with a fire escape on the outside the inhabitants were so roused that they decided it must never happen again. All new buildings have now got to be approved in advance by a Commission of Fine Arts.

The small dinners and cocktail parties held in Georgetown houses fairly bristle with life and wit. In summer the local residents discuss civil rights for Negroes, economic aid (now considered by most to be as important as military aid) to under-developed countries, or how to keep up a diet. These are things they talk about over a mint julep in their tiny walled gardens.

During the winter the socially elite keep an eye on the post box for an invitation to dine with Georgetown's more stimulating talkers, such as Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, Senator John Kennedy of Massachusetts, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, whose Sunday-night suppers are famous, and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth ("Princess Alice" to her friends), who is the daughter of the late President Theodore Roosevelt. To be invited to any of these homes is considered to be an "inner circle" success.

Well, this is Washington. And as far as Washingtonians are concerned, the more and the bigger the parties, so much the better. Politics, they feel, are so much better for parties.

STOKES JOKES



THE BOOM IN SHAW



The master playwright in the doorway of the rotating cabin where he worked at Ayot St. Lawrence. Paradoxically, while his plays flourish, the home he left to the nation has flopped as a tourist attraction



Hustling to follow up the success of My Fair Lady, two new Shaw films are coming up in 1959. On this page are shots from The Devil's Disciple, the satire on the American revolutionary war, in which Sir Laurence Olivier plays General Burgoyne (above), commander of the British Redcoats. Other stars are (right), Kirk Douglas, Janette Scott, and Burt Lancaster (also co-producer). Far right: Douglas's execution (as Richard Dudgeon). The film was staged on the Rothschild estate at Tring, Herts. Overleaf: SHAW ON THE SCREEN



SHAW ON THE SCREEN

The SHAVIAN BOOM continued



THE FIRST FILM to be made of a Shaw play was *How He Lied To Her Husband* (1930) with Vera Lennox & Robert Harris (above)



FIRST SHAW MUSICAL was *The Chocolate Soldier*, based on *Arms & The Man*. The play was filmed in 1932 with Barry Jones



THE MOST FAMOUS Shaw film was *Pygmalion*, produced in 1938 with Leslie Howard, and Wendy Hiller as Eliza

- How He Lied To Her Husband** (Elstree 1930)
Director: Cecil Lewis. By British International Pictures, with Robert Harris and Vera Lennox.
- Arms & The Man** (Elstree 1932)
Director: Cecil Lewis. By British International Pictures, with Barry Jones and Anne Grey.
- Pygmalion** (Pinewood 1938)
Producer: Gabriel Pascal. Directors: Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard. With Leslie Howard, Wendy Hiller, Wilfred Lawson, Marie Löhr
- Major Barbara** (Denham 1940-41)
Producer & director: Gabriel Pascal. With Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Emlyn Williams, Marie Löhr, Robert Morley, Robert Newton, Deborah Kerr, Sybil Thorndike
- Caesar & Cleopatra** (Denham 1945)
Producer & director: Gabriel Pascal. With Vivien Leigh, Claude Rains, Cecil Parker, Basil Sydney, Stewart Granger, Stanley Holloway, Flora Robson
- Androcles & The Lion** (Hollywood 1952)
Producer: Gabriel Pascal. With Alan Young, Jean Simmons, Robert Newton, Victor Mature
- St. Joan** (Shepperton 1957)
Producer & director: Otto Preminger. With Jean Seberg and Richard Widmark
- The Devil's Disciple** (Tring 1958)
Director: Guy Hamilton. Producer Harold Hecht.
- The Doctor's Dilemma** (1958)
Producer: Anatole de Grunwald. Director: A. Asquith



FORERUNNER of his success as Higgins in *My Fair Lady* was Rex Harrison's rôle in *Major Barbara*, filmed with Wendy Hiller in 1940. Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike also starred



COMMENTARY BY JOHN SALT

THE DEATH OF A MAJOR DRAMATIST usually brings a lull in the popularity of his plays. But there has been no slump for Shaw. On the contrary his death in 1950 has been followed by a boom in his work. In New York *My Fair Lady*, the musical of *Pygmalion*, has now taken more than £3,500,000. The Drury Lane production continues to be a sell-out, while the long-playing record of the show is the all-time best-seller in Britain. Meanwhile the film men are jumping on the band wagon.

Two new Shaw films are coming out this year: the Hecht-Hill-Lancaster production of *The Devil's Disciple* (with Sir Laurence Olivier as General Burgoyne), and *The Doctor's Dilemma* (with Leslie Caron and Dirk Bogarde), made by Comet Productions and released by M-G-M. Both films were made in England. Both, too, were probably haunted by the impatient shade of George Bernard Shaw. For during his lifetime the films of his plays came under his close scrutiny. He wrote in additional characters and dialogue and no scene was passed until it suited the author. Hence all the films were polished productions and most of them commercial successes.

Shaw always insisted that words and action in his plays should be exactly as laid down in his own



TWO THAT FLOPPED: Androcles & The Lion (above), Alan Young (above), Jean Simmons as St. Joan, the 1957 Preminger production of Saint Joan, the 1957 Preminger production of

TOP STARS were assembled for Pascal's post-war *Caesar & Cleopatra*, made in colour with Claude Rains, Vivien Leigh (right), Stewart Granger and Flora Robson



DUE OUT THIS YEAR a colour version of *The Doctor's Dilemma* will star Leslie Caron and Dirk Bogarde, seen with Felix Aylmer, Alastair Sim & Robert Morley

arsal copy. Even under the
eric Vedrenne-Barker manage-
nt at the Royal Court Theatre,
n Granville Barker was officially
producer, all Shaw's plays were
earsed under the direct super-
ion of the author. He once told
ar actor: "All that is necessary
you to do is to say my lines so
ly and clearly that the audience
understand every word; as long
they can hear my lines, you can
or not as you please." Present-
y actors might not find such a
eeh endearing but it is a fact
as a producer at rehearsals

Shaw earned respect in the theatre.

Though Shaw aimed at the mind
rather than the emotions most of
the plays have a grand sweep.
Which is probably why the film
versions, with their greater freedom
of movement and use of space, come
off so successfully. *Pygmalion* may
develop mostly in the drawing-
room but the atmosphere of the
gaslit Edwardian street scene is
always there. *Caesar & Cleopatra*,
another Pascal film, conveys not
only the steamy intrigues of the
Egyptian court (with disturbing
undertones of modernity) but also

the freedom of the desert, the
wonder of Pharoah and the im-
pact of a military civilization on a
ramshackle empire clinging to
outworn gods.

Shaw conceived it his duty to
write plays for the leading actors
and actresses of his day. He served
them royally and he is in fact still
serving them. *Caesar & Cleopatra*
was written originally for Forbes-
Robertson and the mercurial Mrs.
Patrick Campbell, Ellen Terry,
Sybil Thorndike, Gertrude Elliott,
Lillah McCarthy (the wife of Gran-
ville Barker) were all Shaw heroines.
In films their number has included
Vivien Leigh (*Cleopatra*), Wendy
Hiller (who played both Eliza
Doolittle and Major Barbara), Leslie

Caron (Jennifer Dubedat in the
new production of *The Doctor's
Dilemma*) and Janette Scott (Judith
in *The Devil's Disciple*).

Shaw's audience has always been
immense and is still increasing.
Plays that ran for only a few nights
on their first production have since
been revived a hundred times all
over the world. There have been
many television productions, count-
less radio performances. Nine films
have been made and others are
planned. Shaw himself would have
understood the phenomenon. He is
on record as saying: "The more
often my plays are performed the
more popular they become, acquir-
ing Shavian congregations which
can always be relied on."



Lion (1952) with
Robert Newton, and
with Jean Seberg
Dauphin (right)



Sir William Coldstream

by DAVID WOLFERS

WILLIAM COLDSTREAM is one of the most skilful and distinguished of present-day portrait painters.

But he has few of the attributes normally associated with painters occupying such a position. To begin with, nowadays he spends only a part of his time in painting. He is head of the Slade School, chairman of the Art Panel of the Arts Council, trustee of both the National and Tate Galleries—to mention only some of the official posts he fills so conscientiously.

Nor would you guess from his neat outward appearance that he is a painter at all. His father was a doctor, and it has been said that he himself could be taken for a Harley Street specialist. Certainly he is the antithesis of "arty"; yet his whole life is bound up with furthering the cause of art in this country.

Coldstream is also a slow worker; so it is hardly surprising that his output is small. But he cares deeply about painting and particularly about painting people. He has an abiding interest in people as individuals, no matter what their occupation. He paints directly from the sitter, taking anything from 30 to 40 two-hour sittings to achieve the final work. He does not believe, like some people, that a portrait is going to reveal the exact nature of the personality. He does think, however, that the painter is capable of making clearer some of the complexities and contradictions that exist in all characters.

Yet Coldstream says, rightly, that when a painter works his mind is not filled with philosophical conjectures. He is mainly concerned with paint and canvas and the facts of the sitter's appearance.

His painting is measured and carefully balanced; his colours are restrained and he achieves his effect by gentle gradations of colour. The portrait of the Indian soldier in the Tate, for instance, is placed delicately on the canvas; nothing is superfluous—yet the painting as a whole conveys the enigma of the Oriental face.

Coldstream has no decided views about the extent to which emotion should enter into a painting. But among the portrait painters of the past whom he most admires are Van Eyck, Piero Della Francesca, Raphael and David—painters who in different ways have presented their subjects as they were, free from distracting trimmings, and free as far as possible from the painter's personal imprint.

Duality of personality in an artist is not new. Someone once said to Velasquez, who was a diplomat and a painter: "I suppose painting is your relaxation"; to which he replied: "No, diplomacy is my relaxation." It is possible that Coldstream would give the same sort of answer about his numerous administrative jobs. But some of these activities, particularly at the Slade, are so important to him that they do, I suspect, deprive us of several good portraits.

PORTRAIT OF MISS ANREP,
IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY
OF CANADA (1936)



"PORTRAIT OF A GIRL,"
LUCY SPENDER (1938)



THE LATE EARL JOWITT,
LORD CHANCELLOR FROM
1945 TO 1951 (1950)





THE ARTIST WITH HIS
PORTRAIT OF SIR JOHN
NICOLL, FORMER
GOVERNOR & C-IN-C,
SINGAPORE (1956)



THE LATE DR. GEORGE BELL,
BISHOP OF CHICHESTER (1954)



PORTRAIT OF AN
INDIAN SOLDIER,
HAVILDAR AJMER
SINGH, IN THE
TATE GALLERY
(1943)

THEATRE

Two Americans teach us pantomime

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

Yana, breaking new ground,
is the beguiling heroine of
this superbly-mounted show



Two popular idols pool their talents for *Cinderella's* comedy team. They put up a good showing in a medium which makes exacting demands. Tommy Steele as Buttons survives as a personality even when detached from his guitar. Jimmy Edwards, as the King, has little to do except suggest comic potential. But he comes to life gloriously in a tangle with his trombone

IT HAS BEEN ASKED if children really want such a lavish show as they are given in *Cinderella* at the Coliseum. I am not sure that I know what children want, but adults who are taken to the pantomime can put up with a good deal of splendour. When three funny men begin to apply in rotation the same custard pie to each others' faces we are apt to be disturbed by ugly psychoneurotic doubts as to whether we ourselves ever were children.

It is immensely reassuring when one crystal vista melts into another yet more marvellously crystalline, and the grandeur of *Cinderella's* arrival at the ball is prolonged and enhanced by a staircase winding surprisingly about a revolving stage brilliantly aglow with light and colour. We get a genuine thrill of childish pleasure. If we clap our hands with delight it is no mere affectation. Of course, we were children once, and this is just how it used to be in days when enchantment was not a hollow word but something that happened—and happened to us.

Recent memory cannot recall a pantomime which provided this childish pleasure with more in the way of aesthetic justification. Most of Mr. Loudon Sainhill's previous work in theatrical décor and costumes has been done in the sacred service of Shakespeare. Descent from the rarefied atmosphere of Stratford-upon-Avon to the lowly air of the Coliseum clearly had an exhilarating effect, and he went at the not-so-easy business of reconciling opulent splendour with good taste as though it were a stimulating game.

The result is a visual treat that we hardly look for in the Christmas theatre. It is a treat spread evenly over palace, kitchen, highway and fairy fastness. His opening scene of the winter woods with the court in full cry after the stag is, for example, entirely true to the pantomime convention; but the trees have unexpected pictorial significance, the peasants are wearing the authentic dresses of the fairy tale books, and we know at once that we have left the dark ages of pantomime design far behind. Mr. Tony Linden's choreography lives up pleasantly to the decorative background against which he has to work and makes effective the built-in ballets by which the story is carried through in the American style. For this is a version of *Cinderella* based firmly on a Rodgers and Hammerstein collaboration written for television in New York.

I cannot say that either of the famous

partners has found any out-of-the-way inspiration in English pantomime. But even if their music and their lyrics fall below their own best standard they are still refreshingly superior to the empty jingles and witless rhymings that are traditional with us. The book, on the other hand, has an orthodoxy warranted to satisfy the strictest traditionalist. There are one or two innovations even here, and the most amusing is a cynical Fairy Godmother. She is played by Miss Betty Marsden with such theatrical aplomb that for about five minutes of delightful comedy it looks as though the whole romantic fable is about to be blown sky high.

As the old woman gathering sticks in the winter woods Miss Marsden is as anonymous

CINEMA

The rites of society

by ELSPEETH GRANT

THIS WEEK'S FILMS

THE RELUCTANT DÉBUTANTE—*Rex Harrison, Kay Kendall, Sandra Dee, Angela Lansbury, Peter Myers, John Saxon. Directed by Vincente Minnelli.*

BACHELOR OF HEARTS—*Hardy Kruger, Sylvia Syms, Ronald Lewis, Eric Barker, Miles Malleson. Directed by Wolf Rilla.*

MARDI GRAS—*Pat Boone, Christine Carere, Sheree North, Gary Crosby, Fred Clark. Directed by Edmund Goulding.*

SECRETS OF LIFE—*A Walt Disney True-Life Adventure feature. Written and directed by James Algar.*

THE GREAT DICTATOR—*Charles Chaplin, Jack Oakie, Henry Daniell, Billy Gilbert. Written, produced and directed by Charles Chaplin.*



as any other actress who ever played the part; but having put on the full glittering panoply of the Fairy Godmother she develops a line of highly sophisticated humour that takes the house by surprise. Does the simple child really believe that a glass coach can be made out of a pumpkin or that white mice can be changed into dainty ponies? "Impossible!" she sings in one of the liveliest lyrics. But since poor Cinderella continues to wish so hard, the fine lady of the wand good-humouredly performs the miracle she is expected to perform. But her attitude to all the magical events that take place in the land of crystal remains curiously ambivalent.

We should like to see a great deal more of this amusing lady. Strange to say, we see as much of her as we are allowed to see of the celebrated funny men whose names figure so large on the programme. Mr. Tommy Steele, the idol of the teenagers, is Buttons, an engaging Buttons in a conventional way, but he is not allowed to get within reach of a guitar or to demonstrate his qualities as a pop singer. Mr. Jimmy Edwards strolls amiably about as a large king with a small crown perched on the top of his head, but we have almost forgotten him until, quite late in the evening, he appears briefly to do his extremely funny turn as a trombone soloist violently at odds with his orchestra.

Mr. Kenneth Williams as one of the Ugly Sisters shows what a clever actor he is, but all the comedians except Miss Marsden are more or less swamped by the spectacle. Still, the spectacle is a beautiful one, and Yana and Mr. Bruce Trent, as Cinderella and her Prince, identify themselves gracefully with it.

a trifle thin, lacks nothing in the way of sparkle.

As Lord & Lady Broadbent, determinedly launching Lord Broadbent's American-reared young daughter (Miss Sandra Dee) in London, Mr. Rex Harrison and Miss Kay Kendall are the most perfectly matched and beautifully polished screen couple since Mr. & Mrs. Nick Charles in *The Thin Man*. You really mustn't miss them. Sniffing the air of battle with that delicately aspiring nose of hers, Miss Kendall plunges into the round of deb-dances pushing bored and bewildered Miss Dee before her, seeking suitable partners for her and angling for invitations to any ball that's going. She wears a harassed expression, some ravishing clothes and, on one occasion, a wild feather boa, about a mile and a half long, which looks like nothing so much as a romping team of shaggy dogs—and may be symbolic.

While Mr. Harrison is seeking sustenance in bars (where the whisky has invariably "just run out"), and is murmuring pitifully to himself that he would like to have a nap before leaving for the office, Miss Dee (wilting with boredom over the British "deb's delights") has the good fortune to stumble upon a good-looking, American-speaking young man, Mr. John Saxon. She doesn't mind that he is merely a jazz drummer. She falls impetuously in love. Miss Kendall is distraught—Mr. Harrison worried and weary. Mr. Douglas Home comes to their rescue: with an impudent stroke of la plume d'un oncle Italien, he lets Mr. Saxon inherit a title—so that's all right.

Miss Angela Lansbury plays a scheming hostess quite superbly and Mr. Peter Myers is agonizingly funny as a motor-car bore—the sort of young man who can tell you the best route to anywhere, and you only wish he would take it, *at once*. I think you will enjoy this fragile but scintillating picture.

In *Bachelor Of Hearts* Herr Hardy Kruger plays a German student who comes to Cambridge on an exchange scholarship and is initially baffled by and contemptuous of the frivolity prevailing at this ancient seat of learning. Gradually he grows to love the British way of university life (which, as represented, indubitably has its points) and Miss Sylvia Syms. That killing Mr. Peter Myers crops up again—as a member of the exclusive Dodo Club over which Mr. Ronald Lewis, as chairman, presides with aplomb. Messrs. Miles Malleon and Eric Barker shine in tutorial capacities: how grateful one always is for their presence—and so should the scriptwriters be. Each is capable of transmuting the leaden line into purest gold. Cambridge looks beautiful. The Poppy Day Rag is held in glorious weather (on the Saturday before 11 November!) and is as gay as anything the Riviera can offer. It is altogether a sunny film—and should prove tonic in time of fog.

You remember how the cadets of St. Cyr, individually poor, clubbed together so that one of them at least should enjoy the lady of all their dreams? Well, same sort of thing happens in *Mardi Gras*—only this time it's the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute and the rather more modest objective is a night out with a little French film star, Mlle. Christine Carere, a pretty thing. Mr. Pat Boone, a pleasing young man whose singing I find agreeable in its lack of mannerism or

gimmick, is the lucky winner. The standard complications, misunderstandings and reconciliations ensue.

Among the 900-odd cadets you are bound to notice one who looks and sings like Mr. Bing Crosby and has the cockiness and restless manual gestures of Mr. James Cagney: this is Mr. Gary Crosby, the Old Groaner's son—and a highly professional performer though a mite too fat. Miss Sheree North makes a sympathetic publicity girl. Mr. Fred Clark, as her boss, lowers and snarls so effectively that one hopefully envisages a whole new literature based on the Angry Middle-aged Man—which would make a nice change. And of course there is all the fun of *Mardi Gras*—with that riot of singing and dancing through the streets of l'il ole Noo Orleans.

Mr. Walt Disney never shrinks from revealing, in addition to the fabulous ingenuity of Nature, the ruthlessness with which she achieves her ends. *Secrets of Life* is concerned with her methods of ensuring the survival of certain species—and pretty cruel they can be, as shown by the behaviour



Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall in *The Reluctant Débutante*—the most perfectly matched screen couple since Mr. and Mrs. Nick Charles, says Elspeth Grant this week

of bees (a duel to the death between two queens), ants, the dragonfly, the angler fish and any number of fascinating miniature horrors.

Providing you share with Mr. Groucho Marx and me the view that the sooner children know what a harsh world it is they have been born into, the better—by all means take your young. I dare say there's nothing more alarming in it than they see on TV—and it is magnificently photographed in colour so that every wonder, from the activity of the ant-hill to the eruption of volcanoes, is given full value.

Mr. Charles Chaplin's *The Great Dictator*, made in 1940, is admittedly a propaganda piece—but see it for its great flashes of comic genius.

and the laughs

IF YOU WANT to know whether *The Reluctant Débutante* truthfully reflects the ritual behaviour of High Society during the haleyon days and endless nights of the London Season, I think you had better ask my colleague, Jennifer—generally acknowledged to be the greatest expert on the subject anywhere. Mr. William Douglas Home, in writing the screen version of his play, has perhaps exaggerated the headaches and longueurs attendant upon "coming out." How much simpler it would be, one feels; if, as Mr. Stephen Leacock once suggested, a father perceiving his daughter to be of marriageable age could just instruct the butler "Take Miss Winnie and throw her on the world"—but then, of course, we should never have had this film which, though

BOOKS I AM READING

Please let's have more pictures

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

SOME purists, unlike Alice, cannot abide a book with illustrations, maintaining that pictures get in the way of your own mental image. Who wants to see an illustrator's interpretation of Heathcliff roaming the moors, they argue, when everyone treasures the perfect Heathcliff in their hearts? To me this argument applies absolutely to bad illustrations, which can destroy a writer's intention and a reader's pleasure quicker than anything. But I regret the passing of illustrated novels, and I wish more publishers would hunt around for graphic draughtsmen as good at book-illustration as the late John Minton. It's about time the incomparable Ardizzone had some competition. And there is Charles Mozley, turning out jacket after ravishing jacket, most of which I ultimately and sadly discard on the principle that a living-room ought not to look like a bookshop—why doesn't some publisher ask him to make drawings *inside* the book?

All this is apropos the prettiest book in months: *A History Of Book Illustration*, by David Bland (Faber & Faber, 84s.), a rich and handsome volume, and the nicest way of

easing your book token. Here are the brilliant, tiny, bird's vision worlds of the 15th-century books of hours, the tremendous strength of the 17th-century Dutch engravers, the astonishing verve and exuberance of French book illustration over the last hundred years—and a good deal about our own, believed by many to begin and end with William Morris—Aubrey Beardsley, Kate Greenaway and Beatrix Potter. This superb and beautifully produced book proves that our contribution to this art has been so good that it would be sad to have to witness its dying. But apart from children's books, prestige publications, and special de luxe editions, it is becoming increasingly rare to find a modern English book illustrated by a first-class artist.

This week I have been reading, with sharply varying degrees of interest, three books largely about love. *The Memoirs Of Casanova* (Elek Books; 30s.) seem to be regarded by authorities as the entertaining, elegant reminiscences of a witty fellow, and maybe things do look up a little when the author runs across some famous contemporary figure. For the most part they seemed to

me to have the case-book interest of a man with a manic obsession. After quite a short time (and this is only Volume I) this saddening record of Casanova's victories—over mothers and daughters and cousins and aunts and aristocrats and chambermaids and courtesans (though he had little time for them) and even one dogged girl disguised as a castrato—becomes as menacingly monotonous as the conversation of any sort of mad collector, be it of stamps or autographs or women. The picture of contemporary social life is lively enough, but inevitably a trifle lop-sided, as Casanova was a single-minded man with a mission and only 24 hours in the day in which to accomplish it. Again, and again, and again.

The Stories Of Colette (Secker & Warburg, 21s.) translated by Antonia White, are a very different matter. Colette's great theme was love, but her personal passion was work. These sweet-sour, sensuous, tenderly ironic, intensely characteristic stories, full of compassion for women and a sort of exasperated affectionate tolerance of men, are clearly written about people and situations Colette knew herself at first-hand (one in fact is based on her own theatre background), and in all of them her own personality and presence are strongly felt. They are frank and uncondemning, and through them move sad ageing women with young cooling lovers, alarming young women who use black magic against deserting husbands, melancholy women who lack love, women who love their own children, and tired theatre chorus-girls who dread them. Some of the events related in these stories are ludicrous in an almost brutal way and very funny, for Colette's view of love was too truthful and disabused to be romantic and moonshiny. Each story, even the briefest, contains enough material for a novel, but for me Colette is at her best when brief, concise but not hurried, always relaxed, hypnotic as a snake-charmer, the writer with the intensity and vision of a woman and the dedication and determination of a man.

The third is another enormous contrast—*Love In The Mist*, by Rosalie Packard (Constable, 16s.). This is a book by an American writer, of a kind that is becoming increasingly popular for intelligent, spry, quick-witted women to throw off with considerable skill. Mostly they are memoirs, diaries, autobiographies or journals that reveal a witty and ruefully gallant woman fighting gamely against the opposition of inanimate husband objects, the lovable follies and foibles of husbands, friends and relatives, the wild demands of savage but vivid children, and the day to day difficulties of life. Rosalie Packard doesn't have any children until the last chapter, but the rest is fairly true to pattern—husband, cats, parents, living in London and the North, going to Glyndebourne, friends, relentlessly seeing the funny side of it all. Serialized in short doses, one might have found it enchanting; in bulk it seems too conscientiously gay and sprightly and winsome altogether. Which is a pity, since the author has obvious gusto, enthusiasm, and an endearing warmth. Nothing is helped by the frightful jacket, which shows what must be the author in a dressing-gown, armed with a rolled umbrella, a bowler hat, a copy of *The Times* and a bright smile, being closely shadowed by a Siamese cat.

200 YEARS OF ROBERT BURNS

Publication next Monday of the Burns Encyclopaedia (Hutchinson, 25s.), compiled by Maurice Lindsay (right), anticipates the bicentenary of the poet's birth, 25 January





Miss Alice Mary Trappes-Lomax to Mr. John E. B. Wells: She is the daughter of Brigadier & Mrs. B. C. Trappes-Lomax, Brooke House, Wortham, Diss. He is the son of His Honour Bensley & Mrs. Wells, Hockmoor House, Buckfastleigh



Miss Mary Muriel W. Simpson-Brown to Mr. Michael A. Neilson: She is the only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. Simpson-Brown, Drumcoyle House, by Ayr. He is the younger son of Mrs. & the late Major J. Neilson, The Lynn, Dalry, Kilwinning, Ayrshire



Donna Marina Cippico to Mr Nicholas F. St.G. Jackson: She is the daughter of Mrs. Cippico, Wallbury Dells House, Bishop's Stortford, & Conte Aldo Cippico, Paris. He is the son of Sir Hugh & Lady Jackson, Ratcliffe House, Goudhurst



Miss Jennifer Spencer Thomas to Captain Desmond R. H. Longfield, R.A.: She is the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. Spencer Thomas, Upper Honeydon, near Bedford. He is the only son of Colonel & Mrs. R. J. Longfield, Lower Silton, Gillingham, Dorsetshire



Miss Selina Hervey-Bathurst to Captain Peter Tower: She is the daughter of Sir F. Hervey-Bathurst, New York, & Mrs. Hervey-Bathurst, Stockbridge. He is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. K. Tower, Whitchurch, Hants



Miss Pamela Vielle to Mr. Michael Pearce: She is the eldest daughter of Group Captain E. E. Vielle, O.B.E., & Mrs. Vielle, Farnham, Surrey. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. L. G. Pearce, who live at Godalming, Surrey

RECORDS

Without leaving home . . .

by GERALD LASCELLES

IT ALWAYS PLEASES ME to be able to write about British bands. Their activities in the recording studio are apt to be overshadowed by their more boosted American counterparts. It is easy for the critic to avoid the main issue by branding the home-produced jazz as mere copyism, which does it more than an injustice. One has only to listen to Don Rendell's *Playtime* to be convinced that this sextet is both alive and jumping. As it is a co-operative group, it is hard to pin the credit on any individuals, but I suspect that trombonist/pianist Eddie Harvey is responsible for many of the head arrangements on these invigorating tracks. Soloists Bert Courtley (trumpet) and Ronnie Ross (baritone sax) make merry in one of the more relaxed sessions I have heard lately.

Ronnie Ross almost dominates another excellent British group—The Jazz Couriers—whose rise to fame since their formation in early 1957 was largely through the joint efforts he made with tenorist Tubby Hayes. Their music is a little wilder and looser in concept, with the accent on the modern idiom. The rhythm section impresses me by its bold attack in fast numbers, and there is considerable imagination in the construction of the solos throughout.

Parlophone's *Mississippi Merry-go-round* features five traditional groups; like so many of these composite records, it has some good tracks but the overall results are disappointing. Lyttelton and Randall make the best sounds, but the vintage when much of this music was made around 1952/53, happens to be a rather indifferent one, and there are some glaring examples of wrong notes which should discomfort their perpetrators today! Humphrey Lyttelton's mainstream pieces on his latest record, made last June, are a totally different matter. Here he has a compact and well-balanced band, his own style is more formed, and the results are even better than those of which I wrote only two months ago.

Less successful is *Dreamboat* launched by Harry Walton's band on Saga. These part-time musicians set out to modernize Condon and frankly the music won't stand modernizing. It is a pity, because there is some good material, especially the leader's piano work.

I am thrilled and fascinated by two American records which feature the tenor saxophone. The first is Lucky Thompson, a "young old-timer" who has worked on the East and West coasts, played a short stint with Basie, and suffered the usual lack of work which is all too often the fate of those who stick to their principles and their styles. Lucky was thoroughly exposed to the revolution which hit jazz in the mid-forties. He shares, with most other contemporary saxophonists, a strong "Bird" Parker influence. Where he differs from most is that he never forsakes the fundamental objective of swinging. He does it with an eloquent grace which must please his early teachers, as much as his breathy tone must remind the listener that Coleman Hawkins is the mentor of all tenor saxophonists. His work with Oscar Pettiford leaves nothing to be desired.

One of Thompson's confessed influences was Ben Webster, second only to Hawkins as a pace-setter in the pursuit of hot saxophone sounds. His Kansas City upbringing—he worked with Moten in the early days—started him on the path to swing, and two spells with Ellington further strengthened his position in the top flight of jazz men. What he does on his latest LP, *Soulville*, warms my heart.

SELECTED RECORDS

DON RENDELL	<i>Playtime</i> 12-in. L.P.	Decca LK4265 £1 15s. 10d.
THE JAZZ COURIERS	<i>In Concert</i> 12-in. L.P.	Tempo TAP22 £1 18s. 3d.
HUMPHREY LYTTELTON	<i>In Perspective</i> 12-in. L.P.	Parlophone PMC1070 £1 15s. 10d.
LUCKY THOMPSON	<i>Featuring Oscar Pettiford</i> 12-in. L.P.	H.M.V. CLP1237 £1 15s. 10d.
BEN WEBSTER	<i>Soulville</i> 12-in. L.P.	Columbia 33CX10122 £2 1s. 8½d.
NAT KING COLE	<i>After Midnight</i> E.P.'s.	Capitol EAP1/2/3/4-782 — 12s. 10d.



Madame Vernier's close-fitting cap
of dyed black pheasant feathers
is trimmed with a deep crimson rose



Michel Molinare

Her high-standing toque is made
from bleached pheasant feathers
skilfully combined with white ostrich

After the fur furore

Feather flattery

With half the weight
and twice the charm



Kenny Parker

For winter parties Mrs. Nigel Campbell (Barbara Goalen) chooses white fur and feathers. Her Jenny Fischer hat is of flattering swan's down pinfeather

flwig hats

This skull cap of bronze-shaded "coq" feathers was made by Simone Mirman and demands fine features, the minimum of hair



Michel Molinare

Pastels and points for SHOES . . .

for STOCKINGS a silken touch

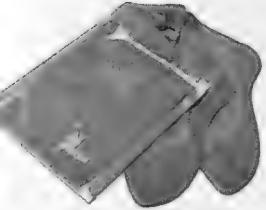


PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOLINARE



Designed by Givenchy and made in Belgium by Charles Jourdan, these flattering court shoes have a scroll effect on the pointed vamp. They are in pastel colours which include three shades of stone, light beige, green and grey in A as well as usual fittings. At Lotus, New Bond Street and provincial branches. Price 9 gns. The stockings: Aristoc's "Ascot" 15 denier 60 gauge in a "40 twist" yarn giving ultra-sheerness and hard-wearing qualities. There is a special "ladder stop" in the toe. Price: 10s. 6d.

A country shoe with an up-to-date look. It is made in either nigger or beige calf with a wedge toe and saddle-stitched welts. The instep bar is elasticised. Made in A as well as usual fittings and obtainable at Lotus, New Bond Street and provincial branches. Price: 5 gns. The stockings: pure silk by Bear Brand. Silk is again becoming popular. Now knitted in a three thread strand, the stockings are hard-wearing and warm. Price: 10s. 11d. Also available in a heavier weight at 12s. 11d.

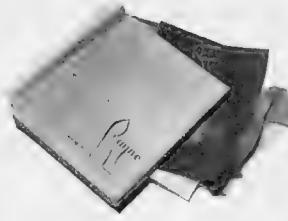
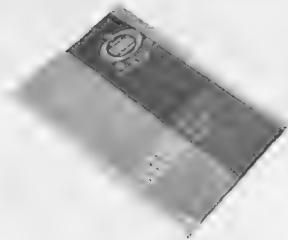


The long, acutely pointed vamp remains the height of fashion. This shoe in olive-green kid with its ridged toe-line trimmed with a button is also made in a dark tartan green and black aniline calf. At all leading Saxone branches throughout the country. Price: 89s. 11d. The stockings: Plaza's pure silk three thread "Sheer Charm" which will be welcomed by those who like the extra warmth. Price: 12s. 11d. In a heavier weight, 15s. 11d.



A Charles Jourdan model which has a tiny trompe l'oeil tie on the pointed vamp. It is made in three shades of calf, brown, green or mushroom in A as well as usual fittings. At Lotus, New Bond Street and provincial branches. Price: 6 gns. Stockings: a new seamfree stocking with a difference, Kayser Bondor's "Barelon Stay-put." The foot is specially knitted so that it will grip and not slip around in wear. Price: 8s. 11d. The stockings are not on sale until 1 February





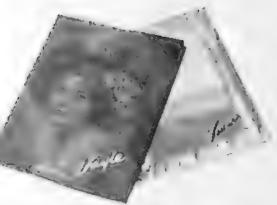
Top left: Shaded kid gives a new look for Spring. This I. Miller model shown in anthracite shading to pale grey is also made in apple green, cherry red, nasturtium, mink and blue, all with matching handbags. Fittings for the shoes shown are AA and B in all usual sizes. From Russell & Bromley, New Bond Street and Knightsbridge. Prices: shoes 7½ gns., bag 9½ gns. Stockings: from Charnos "Evening Moonbeams" range, 15 denier, 60 gauge, in a dark toned brown called "Venice," price: 10s. 11d.

Bottom left: Greet the New Year with one of the latest shoe lines. This model is from Bally of Switzerland. It has an exaggerated open-lamballe bow-tie and is made in white, pastel-pink and grey kid. Available from the end of January at Russell & Bromley, New Bond Street, price 8 gns. The stockings: Ballito's new "hi-di" with seams and heels dyed a deeper tone than the body of the stocking. In 15 denier, 60 gauge, price: from 8s. 11d. upwards

Below: The banded instep steps into evening in green and gold Persian brocade. The sandal is trimmed with gold kid and has a matching handbag. Also made in gold and white brocade, it is available in AA, A, B and C fittings at Delman, Old Bond Street, H. & M. Rayne, New Bond Street and Regent Street. Shoes and bag both cost 11 gns. The stockings: Rayne's ultra fine sheer seam-free in the fashionable dark brown shade. Price: 10s. 6d.

Photographs by Michel Molinare

Five new themes —for night and day



Above right: Postscript: one of the smartest shoes around town. This is a Charles Jourdan model in soft-rose geranium calf with chisel toe and low heel. The vamp is boldly stitched in white. In other colours, B fittings only. At Russell & Bromley, New Bond Street and Knightsbridge, from 1 February, price: 7 gns. The stockings: Pretty Polly's new "Agilon" stretch nylons in 15 denier, guaranteed not to wrinkle, 10s. 6d. a pair

A court shoe for late day wear. The striped silk in brilliant red, green and amber is banded and edged with black suède which also covers the high tapered heel. Made in AA, A, B and C fittings. From Delman, Old Bond Street, H. & M. Rayne, New Bond Street and Regent Street. Bag and shoes both cost 11 gns. The stockings: stretch nylons, 15 denier, 60 gauge, in a warm honey-brown called "Sunshade" and made also in other shades. A Vayle stocking, price: 10s. 11d.





IT COULD BE
FOR YOU IF . . .

You want spring elegance

Photographs by
Peter Alexander



leather

Today's leather suits and jackets combine the height of elegance with the accepted virtues of wind and water resistance. The models shown are from Leather Craft (Constance Taylor), 17 Dover Street, who make individually and supply most accessories. *Top left:* A wine-coloured jerkin trimmed with matching ribbed wool. It is tailored to fit exactly and is, therefore, unlined. Made - to - measure, price 14½ gns., it also comes in other colours. The classic pure silk cream shirt costs 6 gns. *Left:* A three-quarter length jacket beautifully tailored in shiny nappa leather and lined throughout. Here in mushroom, it is also available in other colours, price: 35 gns. The suède handbag (almost hidden by the Dalmatian) can also be worn as a shoulder bag, price: 12 gns. *Right:* A mushroom-coloured suède suit with a loose-fitting straight jacket which has a slightly pouched back. It has the fashionable dropped shoulder line and cuffed sleeves, and both jacket and straight skirt are fully lined. Made-to-measure in any coloured suède, price: 49 gns. The suède hat with its tiny bow costs 6½ gns., the suède gloves 45s., the price for all gloves at Leather Craft



SHOPPING

On international lines

by JEAN STEELE



Dishes from Finland: They show Emilia resting (30s.), cooking (14s. 9d.), babysitting (17s. 6d.), and picking apples (24s. 6d.). Imported (like all the other articles on this page) by Finmar. From Woollands



Cutlery from Sweden: Made in Gense stainless steel, the carvers cost £2 6s. 3d., salad servers 23s. 3d., and fish servers 32s. Heal's



Vases from Sweden: Washday is the theme of one (£37 5s.). The other is *Lady in pearls* (£6 19s. 6d.). Liberty's



Lamps from Venice: The lamp with a globe (£10 10s., from General Trading Co.), and the table lamp (£9 9s., at Woollands) are both made by Murano



Cocktails from Sweden: Simplicity distinguishes both the Martini mixer (£2 17s. 3d.) and the cocktail glasses (38s. for eight. All prices on this page are approx.). Heal's

Crockery from Finland: Cups and saucers show sportsmen (11s. 9d. each). Liberty's

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A wig to put you in the party mood. It can be bought or hired from the Richard Henry salons

BEAUTY

Time and the face

by JEAN CLELAND

HERE FOR ONE day, and departing the next, was a Continental beauty expert. I asked her "What single piece of advice would you give to young girls and older women alike as to how to make the most of their looks?"

Without hesitation she replied: "Be your age. If you are young, don't try to copy older women. Later on, don't try to put the clock back. The looks must change with the years and be treated accordingly."

Good advice. Let us get down to it right away, starting with youth. Skin care and beauty treatments this week. Hair health and hair styles the next.

The Teens: At this age the skin is delicate, so treat it gently. Cleanse it thoroughly, first with soap and water, then with cleansing cream. It is important to do this regularly in the morning, and again at night—however tired you may be—so that the pores are free to breathe. After cleansing, smooth in a little light skin food or cold cream. If your skin is normal, this is all the beauty treatment you should need.

Blemishes such as spots, pimples and acne, are a different matter. Don't fret, they are a common problem at your age, but you mustn't neglect them. Go on to a simple diet—no rich dishes, plenty of fruit and vegetables, and lots of water to drink. Wash with medicated soap, pat in a medicated lotion, and if they persist have a course of acne treatments at a good salon.

Cultivate a graceful carriage. Slouching

and slumping ends by spoiling your figure and throwing even the best-cut clothes out of line. Walk freely with your head up and your shoulders back, and you are on the way to elegance.

The Twenties: This is the time to look ahead and remember that "Prevention is better than cure." Cleanse, tone and nourish your skin with the preparations best suited to its type. To use the proper ones just now pays good dividends later on.

Take care to do your massage in the right direction, otherwise you will stretch the skin.

Expression at this age is tremendously important. An upward tilt to the corners of the mouth keeps the face young. A droop makes it dreary, and causes nose-to-mouth lines. To smile is one of the best beauty treatments I know.

Do a few daily exercises to keep your figure lissom. Use a good foundation cream to preserve the texture of your skin and protect it against the weather, and safeguard your hands with softening lotions and barrier creams.

The Forties: Grooming is the trump card now. The haphazardness of youth is no longer attractive, so you cannot afford to be careless with your appearance.

Look to the details. Good manicure, well-shaped eyebrows, skilful make-up and soft finish. Keep a watching brief on extra inches. If there is an all-over increase in weight, study the calories (you can get reliable charts), and keep within the required

limits. Odd spots can be dealt with at one of the salons that specialize in spot reducing.

Declare war on flabby muscles and brace them up with astringents and brisk patting, especially along the jaw-line. Firm the underlying muscles with a face mask once a week, and have an occasional facial treatment at a good beauty salon. Make use of the new moisture creams to replace the natural moisture and keep the skin young.

The Fifties and Over: Learn now to relax. Look tense and you look old. Have some regular massage to loosen the "knots," and if you can afford time and money, take an occasional wax bath. This helps to keep you relaxed and supple. It also reduces weight, and draws out acidity.

If your skin is looking faded or wrinkled, give it something special like Helen Rubinstein's *Skin Life-Turgosmon* to smooth it out and liven it up. This is a tip-top biological anti-wrinkle treatment, and is excellent for reconditioning and revitalizing a skin that is tired, and beginning to age.

Pay special attention to the neck and the hands, which are quick to betray the years. You can get special creams and oils for the throat, and these, if massaged in each day, soon make a great improvement. For the hands, one of the best treatments I know is a rejuvenating cream made by Countess Csaky. Be a little more sparing with make-up, and use the soft pastel shades rather than the brighter colours which tend to make the face look hard.



John Dudley

MOTORING

Why not a four-seater sports?

by GORDON WILKINS



The Jensen: it suits the duke's mother



The Facel Vega: town carriage, sports car soul



The V-12 Lagonda (prewar): prototype of the four-seater sports car

IN SWITZERLAND, just before Christmas, I was riding about in a Mercedes 300 SL hardtop and I came to the conclusion that not owning one is a deprivation which I can learn to accept philosophically. Performance and road-holding have been improved enormously and in open form on the open road on a summer's day it is a motoring dream come true. But for short winter journeys, and in town, I preferred the old gull-wing coupé with the lift-up doors. There was a knack in getting over the high side (especially for female passengers) but with timing and a good pair of legs the operation could be carried out with a flourish.

Once the hard top is screwed on, the new model with its conventional doors is no easier to enter.

The same terrible twins, ingress and egress, mar my enjoyment of the Porsche, although every owner I know is willing to enthuse indefinitely about its performance, economy and durability. The Alfa Giulietta has a less efficient shape and needs a good deal more power to deliver the same performance but it is easier to enter.

Lest this should sound like the paunchy middle-aged view of someone who hasn't seen his toes lately, I may say that the waistbands of 20 years ago still fit, although perhaps a little more snugly than they did (I suppose the best materials tend to shrink in time).

The fact is the problem of entering and leaving low-built closed cars is far from solved. It has become quite urgent in the U.S.A., where the ordinary family saloons are now lower-built than many of our sports models. Chrysler have made one contribution with the swivelling seat (already seen on a few specialist cars in Europe) and some more interesting developments are due for production about 1960.

But why should the pleasure of driving anything as responsive and controllable as a sports car be confined to people who can make do with two-seater models?

Races and rallies are now encouraging the production of Gran Turismo models which can be used for competitions or for everyday motoring but most of them are only capable of carrying two people in anything approaching comfort. On the Ferrari, which is the most successful, the rear seat cushion actually touches the backs of the front seats.

During the Motor Show I met the Duke of Richmond & Gordon trying the rear seats of one of the most exciting new closed speed models and he said: "I shall have to stick to my Jensen. My mother often rides up to town quite comfortably in the back seat,

but she wouldn't be comfortable in here."

The Jensen 541R is perhaps the best current example of the four-seater closed sports car but ideally the access to the rear seats and the rear headroom might be improved. Another model which I am looking forward to trying is the Lancia Flaminia Farina coupé but it does not have real sports-car seats.

In the U.S.A., the Ford Thunderbird has made a place for itself as the family four-seater sports car but size, controllability and braking are rather far from the European idea of a sports car.

There should only be four seats, each separate and shaped to give plenty of support when cornering fast. As the seats will be low, the legs will be fairly well extended and the passenger space will be relatively long, but the car must be compact. The engine should therefore be a V6 or V8 to keep it short and it should be made of light alloys so that it can be mounted well forward without producing a nose-heavy tail-happy car. To counter the engine weight, and reduce the size of the centre tunnel the gearbox should be moved to the rear, as on the Lancia.

Oddly enough, one car which comes near to the general layout required is not a sports car but an elegant town carriage—the Facel Vega Excellence. It has four separate seats and four doors, is low-built, and has a V8 engine. When it gets disc brakes it may prove to have a dual personality.

A prewar model which had many of the qualities required was the short-chassis four-door V-12 Lagonda designed by W. O. Bentley, although it was rather high by current standards. It is just 20 years since it gave me my introduction to the possibilities of sustained high-speed travel on modern motor roads. With Laurence Pomeroy, who has just concluded a distinguished tenure of office as Technical Editor of *The Motor*, I travelled from Berlin to Düsseldorf in one and we put 97 miles into an hour. He covered 25 miles in one spell of 15 minutes and I achieved exactly the same in another 15 minutes but in between we were held up by road construction; otherwise we should have covered 100 miles in the hour.

Since then it has become progressively more difficult to maintain such averages.

On the whole I fear that the days of fast road travel lie behind us, despite our much boosted highway construction programme. Back in 1939, we used to think of the future in terms of streamlined cars cruising at 80-100 m.p.h. on high axle ratios with extremely low fuel consumption. But streamlining has gone out of fashion and congestion has reduced speeds on even the best motor roads. America now presents the sad spectacle of tightly packed masses of cars moving at strictly controlled speeds three, four and five abreast, an experience so tedious and potentially so dangerous that there is nothing for it but to hand over control of the vehicle to a robot pilot as soon as the technicians have worked out the details.

But before the same plight descends on European motoring, I think there would be a lot of pleasure to be had from a true four-seater sports saloon, swift, stable and responsive. Daimler's new light alloy 2½ litre V8 engine would make a good power unit for it.



Best-known Rothschild of his time—Mr. James A. (Jimmy) de Rothschild, who died in 1957, left his Waddesdon home to the nation

GREAT PROGENITORS

The rise of the Rothschilds

by L. G. PINE

IT WAS ONCE remarked by Chaim Weizmann, the first President of Israel, that nothing seemed to him so wonderful as the flowering of Jewish scientific genius out of the background of Rabbinical learning that flourished for centuries in Jewry. He could have pointed with equal wonder and pride to the imposing array of titles stemming from Mayer Amschel Rothschild of Frankfort-on-Main.

Mayer Amschel was born at Frankfort in 1742, the son of a Jewish merchant. It was at Frankfort that he opened the money exchange from which were to come the immense ramifications of international finance associated with the name of Rothschild. The growth of Mayer Amschel's connections came about through his soundness in every financial sense. Not only did he understand money, but he could be relied on to honour his bond.

He gained the confidence of the Elector of Hesse-Kassel; in 1803 he lent a large sum to the Danish Government. After the Battle of Jena in 1806, when Germany lay under the heel of Napoleon, the Elector of Hesse-Kassel had to flee. He entrusted his fortune to Rothschild, with the result that on his restoration in 1815, he found his holding not only safe but largely increased. By this time Mayer Amschel was dead, but he had established the House of Rothschild; his five sons were at Europe's nerve centres.

Amschel, one of the sons, remained in Frankfort where he conducted his business. Solomon settled first in Berlin, then in Vienna. The third son, Nathan Mayer, came to England in 1797, during the troubles with revolutionary France. Most people have a vague knowledge of the means whereby Nathan Rothschild, through skilful use of couriers and pigeons, was first in learning the result of Waterloo, and in communicating this to the British Government. Meanwhile, the fourth son, Karl, had set up a branch in Naples, and the fifth, Jacob, in Paris. In 1822 the immense services they had rendered to the allied cause were recognized when all four surviving brothers were created barons of the Austrian Empire.

Nathan Mayer de Rothschild had become a naturalized Briton, and it was his son, Baron Lionel de Rothschild, who greatly aided the civic and political emancipation of British Jews. He was elected M.P. for the City of London four times between 1847 and 1857, but he did not take his seat until 1849, when the disability of Jews to sit in Parliament was removed. One of his brothers was created a baronet, and his eldest son was raised to the peerage.

The Rothschild family has several large estates in England, one of them at Tring Park, Herts, where the latest Shaw film *The Devil's Disciple* was made. (See page 21.)

Thus within a matter of four generations the Rothschilds, by financial skill and probity, raised themselves from obscurity to a place in the pages of Burke, Debrett and Ruvigny.



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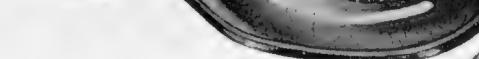
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DINING IN

Chowder without the clams

by HELEN BURKE

NOT ALL GOOD dishes are in the classic tradition. Some we think up and have to adapt for our own use because some of the original ingredients are not available.

Clam Chowder, a favourite transatlantic dish, is one of them. You cannot make it from raw clams—not in London, at any rate. And what a tantalizing thing it is for the likes of me to know that just over the water in Brittany you can get clams (little baby ones), full of the most delicious sea flavour.

Well, the next best thing, perhaps, is mussels, and had I not been a clam addict long before meeting them I am not sure that I would not have preferred them.

When I am without guests, a good bowl of mussel "clam" chowder, followed by a nice piece of cheese, is enough for an evening meal. It is essentially a family dish.

For 4 servings of more or less clear chowder, start with 3 to 4 oz. pickled pork or unsmoked bacon. The original was dry salt pork, I prefer to use rindless unsmoked bacon, cut into small cubes.

Cook these over a moderate heat to extract the fat but not to colour. Add a Spanish onion, first quartered and then thinly sliced, and simmer it with the bacon until it is translucent. Follow with 1½ to 2 breakfastcups of potatoes cut in ½-inch dice, just under ½ pint boiling water and a little freshly-milled pepper. Cover and cook gently until the potatoes are just done.

Meanwhile, have ready about a quart of small mussels, prepared this way: Wash and scrape them. In a large pan with a tightly fitting lid, put a walnut of butter, several parsley stalks, a sprig of thyme and a sherry glass of dry white wine (or water and the juice of ½ small lemon). Cover and bring to a strong boil. Add the mussels, cover tightly again and boil hard for three to four minutes, by which time the shells will have opened. Remove the mussels from their shells and, after discarding the piece of "weed"

deep in their bodies, add them to the chowder.

Add, also, the strained stock from the mussels, of which there should be a fair amount, and heat through, but do not boil again as that would toughen the mussels. If there is not enough for four servings, add water to make up the required amount. Taste, and only then add salt if necessary—the mussels may have enough themselves. Some people like to add a small tin of tomato juice (not puree). An elegant extra is a packet of shrimps or prawns.

With the chowder, pass cream crackers.

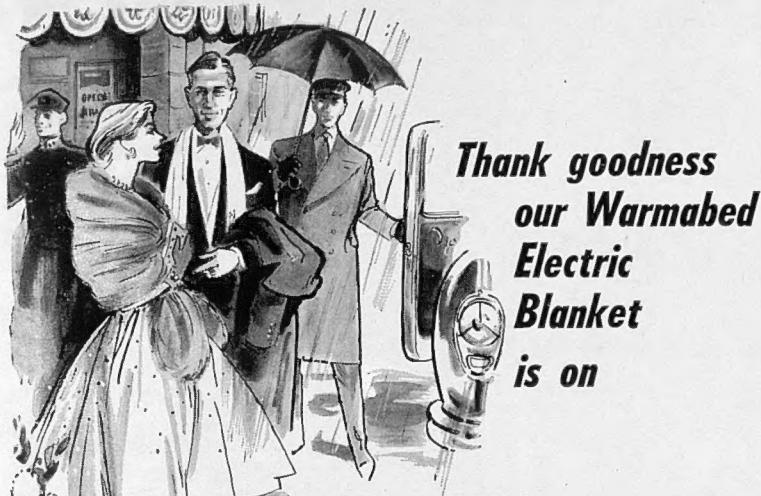
Another version is a slightly thickened stew. It uses half the amount of potatoes, adding a level teaspoon of cornflour blended with a little top milk cream. Boil this up before adding the mussels. I have added a chopped half a canned red sweet pepper I had left over from a special creamed chicken dish. A further addition could be a small can of creamed corn (not kernels). Any of these should go into the chowder before adding the mussels.

One of the best of all chowders is made with a small smoked haddock. My goodness! smoked haddock is one of the most delicious of all fish to "play" with!

But I do want to give you a nice first course with mussels. For it, use those small scallop-shell oven-glass dishes or scallop shells themselves. Butter four of them. Steam the mussels open as above, allowing four to five per person, but test them after only two minutes' boiling. Make a white sauce with the strained mussel stock and a spoonful of double cream.

Place a dessertspoonful in each buttered shell. Place the mussels on top. Add to each serving the merest touch of garlic, squeezed through a press. Cover with further creamy sauce and a good sprinkling of grated Parmesan. Have ready the grill at its highest heat. Slip the shells under it and, when they are bubbling and with the faintest colour, serve at once.

A happy New Year to you all.



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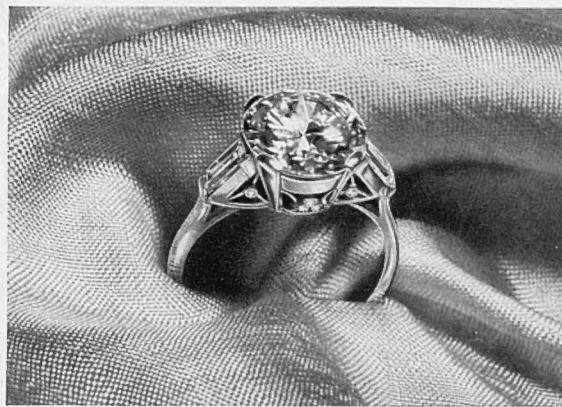


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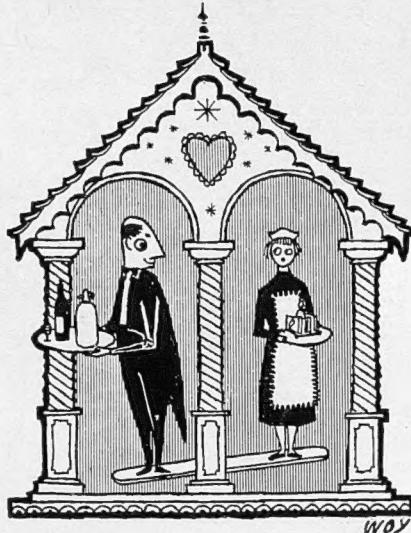
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DINING OUT

A menu made for me

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

IT SEEMS ALMOST incredible to me that during the years I have been in and out of Grosvenor House I had never entered its restaurant until a few weeks ago.

I have used its excellent grill room; Paul, one of our most famous head barmen and a "master mixer" of great repute, is an old friend; and I have been to several functions in the great ballroom where maître chef René Lebegue, and what must be an enormous staff, achieved miracles by serving a four or five course dinner to over 800 people, each course arriving at one's table at high speed—*AND HOT*.

However, the matter is now in order because a friend took me to lunch in the restaurant and for the first time I met Rudolph Sonvico, its manager. He has been in the hotel business for over 30 years and learned it the hard way, finding himself at one time a commis waiter on the Cunard liner, Majestic. From there he went to the Berkeley as a commis waiter; he then became commis wine butler, commis carver, assistant carver, waiter and head waiter, altogether 15 years at the Berkeley.

In 1940 he opened Claridge's Causerie and after five years in the army he became head waiter in charge of restaurant and banqueting at the Grand Hotel at Brighton, leaving in 1952 to become manager of the restaurant at Grosvenor House. He has 51 waiters on his staff, comprising 12 head waiters, 15 chef waiters, 15 commis waiters, 1 carver, 5 wine butlers, a staff head waiter and a reception head waiter.

We discussed the eccentricities of some customers and perhaps

the strangest "diner-out" he has known was a gentleman who would order a dozen oysters, eat two, and send the rest away. He would then order a packet of cigarettes, take one out of the packet, and send the rest away. He would order half a bottle of wine, drink half a glass, have it removed, and order another bottle. Nothing Mr. Sonvico could do would persuade him to change his ways.

As it happened to be my birthday, my friend and Mr. Sonvico had hatched a plot and arranged a special menu, so special that two of the dishes were invented for the occasion, the menu being headed: "Lunch for Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff," which was a friendly gesture. Here is what we enjoyed: Filet de Sole Oriane (poached fillet of sole with saffron flavoured baked rice, garnished with mushrooms, lobster and tomato, and dressed with lobster sauce). The wine with this was Pouilly Fumé Château du Nozet '56.

Then came Steak Christine. This was a Tournedos cooked in butter with rosemary and garnished with stuffed tomatoes, fonds d'Artichaut filled with creamed mushrooms and, served with it, Pommes Parisiennes. With this we had a Château Margaux (château bottled) 1949. Without being at all ungracious, I could not help feeling that this wine was too great for such a highly flavoured dish.

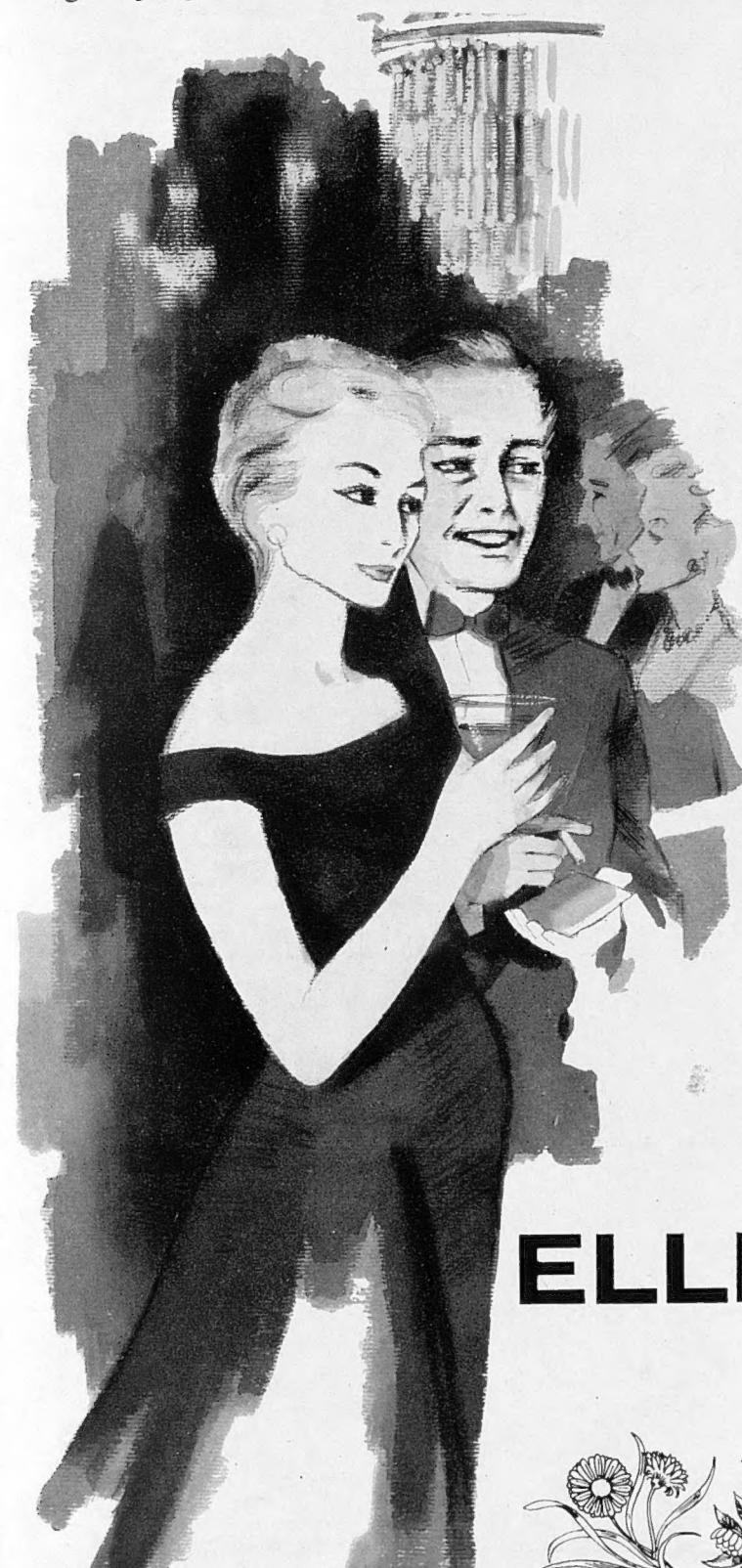
We finished up with Fraises au Feuilles d'Or—strawberries on a golden sponge covered with cooked golden sugar, the first and last courses being the brand new ones (the Tournedos Christine is an established favourite).

It was quite an experience.

The Ellerman Way

To South Africa

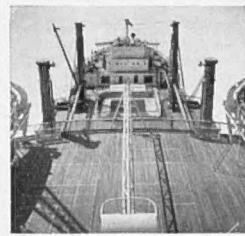
Of course it's luxurious, but it isn't *just* luxury on ELLERMAN ships. As you step inside your own cabin-suite you enjoy a pleasant feeling of well-to-do well-being. Very soon, you experience a new kind of service from the ship's company, almost old-world in its attentiveness. Our passengers (many of whom are experienced world-travellers and good judges in this matter) tell us that our ships'



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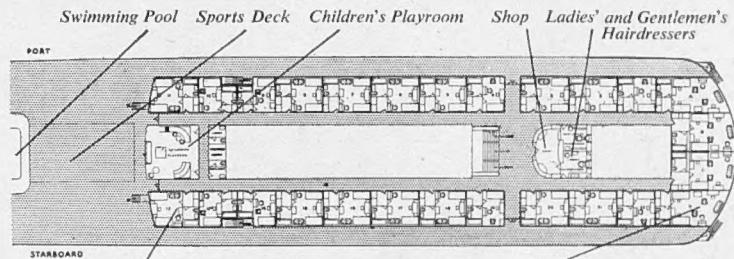


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